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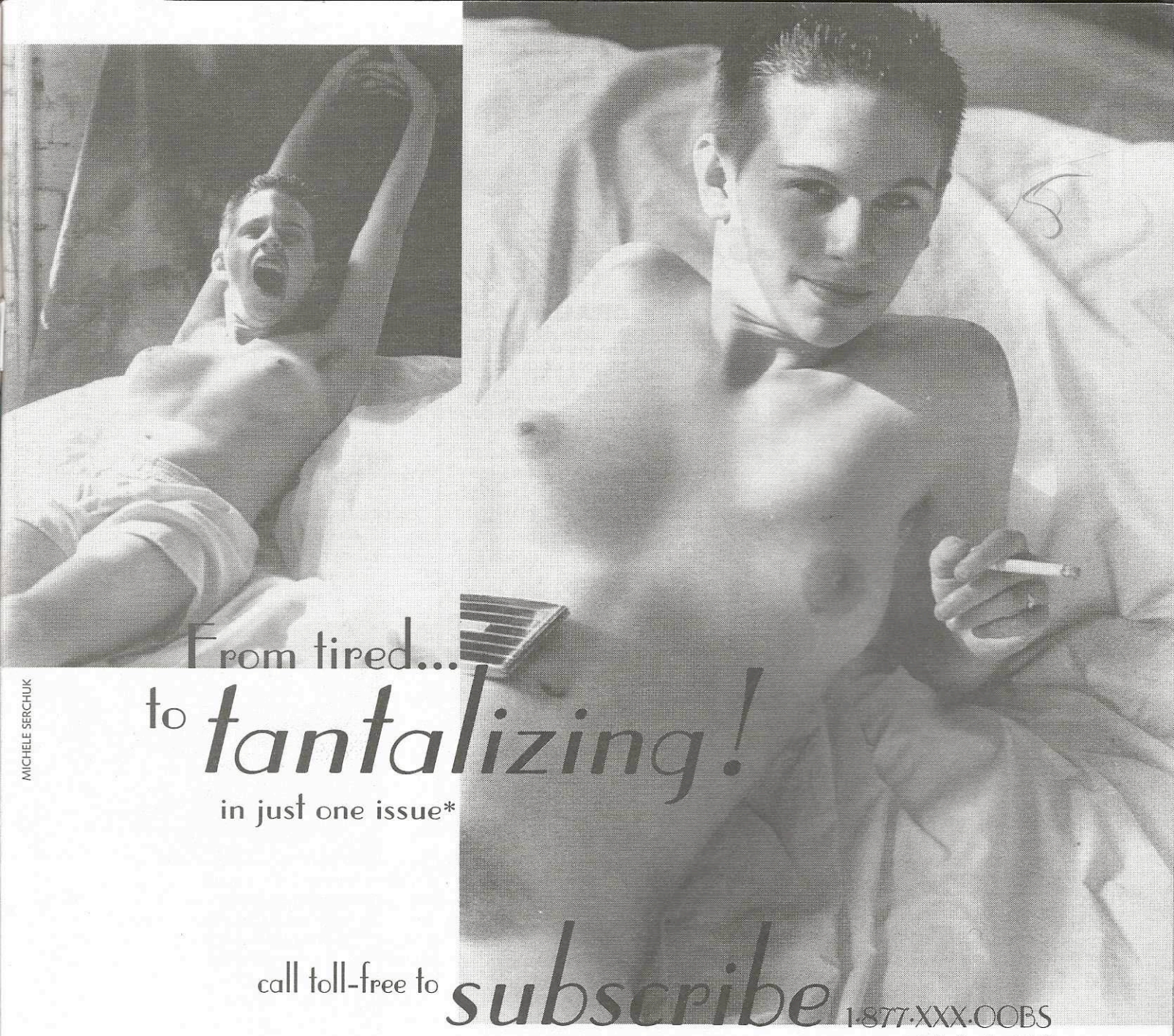

MICHELE SERCHUK

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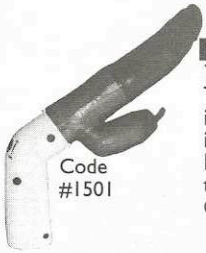

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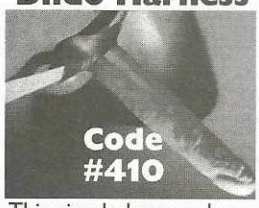

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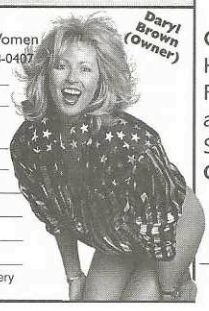

Daryl Brown (Owner)

OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Volume 14, Issue 2

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publisher of **On Our Backs**, **Girlfriends**, and **San Francisco's *Inside Pride* guides**
3415 César Chávez Street, Suite 101
San Francisco, CA 94110
phone 415.648.9464
fax 415.648.4705
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Publisher **Erin Findlay**
Editor in Chief **Heather Findlay**

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On Our Backs (ISSN # 0890-2224) is published bimonthly by HAF Enterprises, LLC, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110. One-year subscriptions $34.95 (Canada add $10, other foreign add $15). Periodicals postage paid at San Francisco, CA. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to **On Our Backs**, P.O. Box 448, Mount Morris, IL 61054

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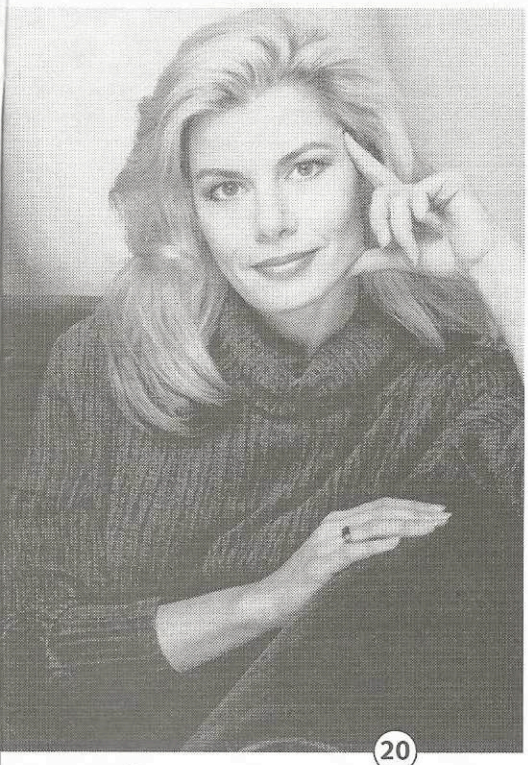
On Our Backs

THE BEST OF LESDIAN SEX

April / May 1999
Volume 14, Issue 2



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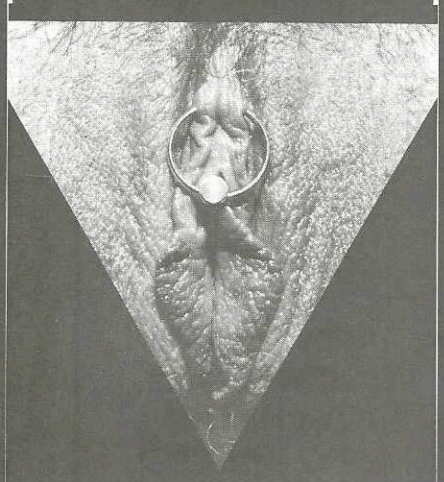
RAELYN GALLINA



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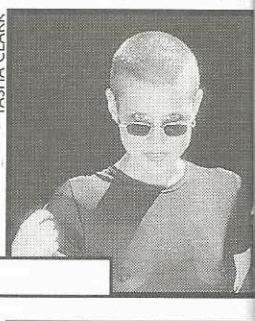
contributors

Compiled by Lori Selke

Annie Sprinkle is a dyke mermaid who can be found seducing women boaters in the San Francisco Bay area. Last on land, she made two new sex videos, *Fire in the Valley: Female Genital Massage* and *Zen Pussy: A Meditation on Eleven Vulvas.* This issue, she photographed our cover girl, Jaiko (page 16). For more on Annie, take a peek at www.heck.com.

Annie Sprinkle

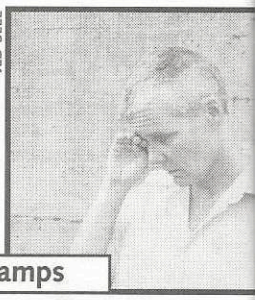


TASHA CLARK

When photographer **Heat Ray** came to San Francisco to shoot for **On Our Backs**, she had no idea she'd end up running into old friends. She met up with models Nikki and Andrea (page 22), also from Minneapolis, at the G-Spot. "Two days later, they were in the bed and we were taking photos!" Ray says of the photo shoot, "It's a vulnerable thing, photographing two women making love. I remember crying at the end at how beautiful it was."

Ray recently returned from a five-month stay in India, where she photographed the Dalai Lama for *Time* Magazine.

Heat Ray



JED BELL

"'Bugged' (page 30) was a performance piece, originally read as a part of a Sister Spit fund-raiser," says author **Wickie Stamps**. "Sister Spit is a San Francisco-based gang of dyke performance artists who took their poetry, prose, and performance shows on the road. Their mascot was Francis, a Madagascar hissing cockroach. This story, read with Francis on stage with me, is dedicated to Francis—also my mother's name." Stamps is a former editor of *Drummer,* a gay men's porno, and has been published in numerous anthologies, including forthcoming books from Alyson and Haworth presses. She says her work is about "sex, violence, and madness—or so I'm told."

Wickie Stamps

"Bugged" illustrator **Laurie Hicklin** has had her work appear in *The Sacramento News and Review, The California Journal, Comstock Magazine,* and *Prima Publishing.* "It was easy to illustrate this particular piece," she says, "as I tend to dwell on the dark side more than my outer demeanor would suggest." She lives in Sacramento, California.

Laurie Hicklin

Zanne Prudhomme ran into some unexpected difficulties when illustrating our story "Shopping for Something of Quality" (page 38). "Sixty-nines are hard, especially when there's a big belly in the middle," she says. To get the job done right, she studied photos of her pregnant sister. Zanne's recent projects include illustrating the CD-ROM *Juno: An Erotic Sexual Fantasy* as well as a series of children's books.

Zanne Prudhommme

MELANIE FRIEND

"The sex-positive community didn't want to talk about sex used as a tool of destruction, and the survivor community bordered on being paranoid about empowered sex," says **Staci Haines** on what inspired her book *The Survivor's Guide to Sex*, due this month from Cleis Press. "Creating a self-defined sex life takes back the very place of attack." Haines works as a private-practice somatics therapist, specializing in the areas of trauma and sexual abuse; she also coordinates the Child Sexual Abuse Strategic Action Project and is a former manager of Good Vibrations in San Francisco. Our feature (page 28) is an excerpt from her work.

Staci Haines

from the editor

Feminist pornographer Candida Royalle and our assistant editor Lori Selke at "Beyond Boogie Nights," a celebration of 1970s porn sponsored by Good Vibrations

This issue our assistant editor Lori Selke spoke to Candida Royalle, a woman who conceived, directed, and produced the first adult videos created especially for women. Royalle has several ties to **On Our Backs**, too: she's directed our advice columnist Nina Hartley in more than one film. And Annie Sprinkle, a long-time **On Our Backs** contributor, took a turn behind the camera as part of Royalle's Star Director series.

She doesn't make porn for dykes, no. But by making erotica for straight women, Royalle faces some of the same challenges lesbian pornographers do: What turns women on? How do we keep this different from porn for men? What kinds of scenarios do women want, what kinds of models? What is feminist porn?

Here at **On Our Backs**, we certainly don't have any formulas, just a few red flags feminism taught us to watch out for: The male gaze. Anorexic models. Racist porn. Gender stereotypes. Gang-rape plots. Misogyny. Fake orgasms.

But this list of what *not* to do is only helpful to a point: not creating what's politically offensive doesn't always translate into something that is hot. What gets left in the wake of all that editing? And does it make dykes horny? It's a dilemma that only time, woman-made porn, and dialogue will work out.

Part of that dialogue will be this issue's feature story by Staci Haines. When I first read a draft of Haine's story, it gave me a rush of adrenaline so strong, I could see clearer for four hours later. The manuscript was entitled *The Survivor's Guide to Sex: How to Create Your Own Empowered Sexuality After Child Sexual Abuse,* and my reaction to Haines's chapter three, "Dissociation," was personal. I've never been sexually abused, but I was physically abused, and I started slipping out of my body when I was eight years old. Now it's when I'm fucking that I accidentally leave myself. My eyesight dims and tunnels, my ability to speak shuts off like a switch, I hear as through water, and I become like a corpse. I'm not the only one, either: I stopped counting the number of lesbian lovers and friends I know who have been sexually abused.

There's a long history behind this story: It was actually conceived years ago, when Haines wrote an article for a 1995 issue of **On Our Backs.** Her article was about the paradox of being an incest survivor and a manager at the sex store Good Vibrations. Cleis Press saw the article and gave her a call; her book comes out this spring.

I loved Haines's first article; I'm happy that **On Our Backs** could run an excerpt from her book in 1999. You'd never see a piece like these in a porno magazine for men: first, for the obvious reason that men aren't victims of sexual abuse in the same numbers that women are; second, men's magazines would never want to admit that sex for men is anything but easy come, easy go.

I feel lucky that both Candida Royalle and Staci Haines made female sexuality the center of their lives' work. They have a lesson for all of us: Take responsibility for what's not out there, create something out of nothing. As Good Vibes says, Do It Yourself. It's the only way that the sexual liberation we're in will keep growing.

Athena Douris, editor

MEGAN ISHLER

When **On Our Backs** was originally published in 1984, its title was meant to play on the title of the feminist newspaper *Off Our Backs,* which was virulently antiporn.

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letters

TALA BRANDEIS

MAS DIMASSA

I loved your interview with Diane DiMassa (December/January 1999). Neophytes should check out www.hotheadpaisan.com; DiMassa's work is outrageously brilliant.

R. Nye
Woodbury, Connecticut

UNNATURAL LUST

As a 48-year-old out for all of my adult life, I think women have all the natural equipment necessary to please one another. Neither I nor my partner have ever needed a penis substitute. I'm also very disturbed by SM. Considering all the violence and hatred inflicted upon us for our sexuality, I wish it wasn't a part of your magazine. I'm saddened that some of us would do this to each other. It's demeaning, controlling, and certainly contrary to respect for a partner or oneself.

Sexuality between two women is very exciting. I know—I've experienced it my whole life—without dildos or violence.

[Name and address withheld]

Guess what: some SM dykes find the vanilla *sex you're in favor of suffocating, demeaning, and controlling. Imagine that! And three cheers for using your goddess-given body parts. If you can stop obsessing over the "penis substitutes," you'll find plenty of lesbians in our pages who use theirs, too. (Check out Nikki and Andrea in this issue; they don't* need *any props.)*

LOVE OF MY LIFE

Your December/January 1999 issue was, hands down, the best to date. Juicy Erin was a delight, and Tristan and Teresa were simply marvelous. Keep up the important, great work you all are doing there. I'm a subscriber for life!

Kelly Sheridan
kellysheridan@compuserve.com

HUNGRY FOR IT

All I've got to say is, "Yes, Yes, Yes!" Keep those gorgeous wimmin cumming. December/January issue's cover girls, Tristan and Teresa, the corset model (I pictured her sitting smack on my kisser), and let's not forget Juicy Erin! Nectar of the goddesses, all of them. Wimmin are a delicious, delectable fruit. Regarding Erin's clit—I've fantasized about it many a time.

P.J.
Dorchester, Massacheusetts

STICKY FOR RICKY

I was really happy to see you use Ricky Lee again ("A Very Sexy XXX-Mas," December/January 1999). I like her work better than anything I've seen in **On Our Backs** so far. She conveys a sexuality that the more glossy queer mags forget about or don't acknowledge. More Ricky Lee!

Jane Oxe
Janeox666@yahoo.com

Your December/January issue is amazing. There wasn't a single thing in it that wasn't perfect. Can I have Ricky Lee for X-mas?

[Name and address withheld]

PRETTY IS, PRETTY DOES

I'm a femme from West Virginia, and I've always had to buy *Hustler* or *Playboy* to see pictures of naked women. But now I can see beautiful lesbians from all circles of life! Keep up the wonderful work!

Aretha Gardener
[Address withheld]

There never seem to be any real pretty women in your magazine. I know beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and there have been some beautiful girls (like Erin in December/January 1999 and Chelsea in August/September 1998), but there could be more. I'm sure there are a lot of good-looking lesbians out there who would be more than happy to pose for a magazine as great as this. Oh, and please no more nasty old dykes looking like dirty old men on Viagra fucking their granddaughters on Christmas day ("A Very Sexy XXX-Mas," December/January 1999).

Heather
Brewster, Massachusetts

We assume that by "beautiful" you mean young, feminine, and wholesome. Fear not, we have plenty coming down the pike. In the meantime, please don't send us your ageist, butch-phobic bullshit.

SEXUAL I.D., PLEASE

Regarding my letter you published in your December/January 1999 issue, I would like to make a clarification. I don't doubt that Joann Loulan has a wonderful reputation and that all the glowing accolades you grant her are deserved. I take issue with her because she calls herself a lesbian, despite her long-term heterosexual involvement.

Dawn Mueller
wrdsmyth@enteract.com

Point taken—again. Now, to clarify our *position on Loulan's boyfriend: we couldn't care less!*

CLARIFICATIONS

In our interview with Joan Nestle in the February/March 1999 issue, we incorrectly stated that it had been 20 years since Nestle's last book; in truth, HarperCollins published her and John Preston's work, *Sister and Brother*, as recently as 1994. In addition, Toys in Babeland's New York store was the location for the pictorial "Sex Store Nookie" in that same issue. We accidentally put our thank-you to the woman-owned sex boutique underneath a photo. Our apologies to Nestle and the staff of Toys in Babeland!

TURN IT UP A NOTCH, TURN IT DOWN A NOTCH, USE OUR HANDS INSTEAD?

Get noisy and tell us how you feel, okay? Email staff@gfriends.com, fax 415.648.9464, mail On Our Backs, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110

MY DATE WITH BETTY DODSON

by Tristan Taormino

i WAS SO EXCITED ABOUT THIS ADVENTURE i NEARLY PEED MY PANTS. iMAGINE HAVING YOUR OWN PRIVATE ONE-ON-ONE SESSION WITH AUTHOR OF THE GROUNDBREAKING, CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED *SELF LOVING AND SEX FOR ONE*, THE WOMAN CREDITED AS THE "MOTHER OF MASTURBATION." i WAS GOING TO TOUCH MYSELF FOR DR. BETTY DODSON!

When I arrived at her swank Madison Avenue apartment, I was immediately struck by two things. Betty conducts her sessions and runs her office where she lives, and she has an amazing home. Plus, the masturbation goddess herself has celebrated her 70th year on the planet, yet does not look a day over 50. (And, no, folks, she has not had any plastic surgery.) I told her, "I pray I can look like you and live like this when I'm your age!" And she owes it all to masturbation. It's obviously the key to a long, healthy, happy life.

Our session began with Betty asking me questions about my sexuality, masturbation practices, and my orgasm experiences. Usually, clients come to Betty with a specific problem or issue they want to work on. Some have never masturbated before, some are having a sexual problem, and others have never had an orgasm. I've been jerking off since I was four years old, so I was pretty comfortable with it, but I still believed that I could benefit from Betty's expertise. You can never be too rich or too sexually skilled.

I felt ready to come out to Betty and to all my readers about an important fact that impacts my sex life. Adventure Girl is a member of Prozac Nation. (Did you think I was this fun and charming naturally?) Since I've been taking antidepressants, my orgasmic ability has radically changed. There was a time when I could come at the drop of a hat. Nowadays, it takes a lot more patience and finesse. Some people on antidepressants cannot have an orgasm at all, but for me it's just a more difficult task. Tricks that used to work no longer do, and sometimes I have to get pretty creative. I've resorted to some of my old ways, which means that it is much easier for me to come on my stomach than on my back. So, Betty and I decided that we would work on coming on my back.

We started with a standard from the days of feminist consciousness-raising: looking at my

pussy in the mirror. Betty encouraged me to look closely at my cunt, find and identify the important parts, stroke it, rub it, play with it. She commended me on my pussy-hair shaving job, and told me that women who groom often have a better relationship with their pussies as a result of looking at and fussing over them on a regular basis. I was glad to discover that my love of shaving my twat was considered healthy by someone with a Ph.D.!

When we got down to the meat of the session, Betty told me to start masturbating and talked to me while I was touching myself. I told her that I was really into having a lot of pressure on my clit, rather than light flicks of the tongue or little circles with a finger. And when I say pressure, I mean stack a ton of bricks on me and I am pleased as punch. She pointed out that relying on the pressure to get off was limiting and that if I trained myself to come from other kinds of stimulation, I would be a more versatile lover. Betty hit on it right there: I love a challenge and I love learning new stuff that makes me a better lover. Then I got to stick various things in my pussy, like the Crystal Wand, a lucite S-shaped dildo designed to hit your G-spot, and a barbell that resembles the Kegelcisor, but which Betty designed herself and had specially made. I had a one-of-a-kind piece of Betty Dodson sculpture in my pussy and in my ass. That's enough to make me come on the spot. But I was on my back, remember, so it took a little more work and the help of the Queen of All Vibrators, the Hitachi Magic Wand. I did eventually get there, and once Betty was satisfied that I had worked for it, she let me turn over on my stomach and ride the Magic Wand to another rousing climax.

I joked to my friends later about the session: "You jerk off in front of Betty and she tells you what you're doing wrong." Actually, it's more like she grades you in different areas: how you work your clit, what kind of G-spot stimulation you like, vaginal stimulation/penetration, anal stimulation/penetration, pelvic rocking and thrusting, PC muscle contractions, breathing, and making noise. I scored very high in pelvic thrusting and PC muscles (she says mine are very strong) and had poorest performance in the breathing category. I tend to hold my breath a lot while I jerk off or take very shallow breaths because I get a kind of head rush that way. Betty reminded me that while the light-headed feeling is nice, it's temporary. Taking really deep breaths while jerking off gets your blood pumping to all the right places, thereby encouraging your clit and pussy to become engorged and increasing stimulation and pleasure. So many lessons to learn for this smarty pants.

Betty also helped me remember something I knew, but sometimes tend to forget, especially when having really good sex with an amazing lover: the one person who holds the key to my pleasure is me. We tend to rely on others to get us off, and get lazy about self-love. The more you get in touch with your own body, what you like and dislike, your personal hot spots, and what gets you off, the better lover you will ultimately be. The more you practice receiving pleasure, test your own responsiveness, and really work at your orgasms, the better sex you'll have alone and then with others. Thanks to Betty, I had a back-to-school experience that left me educated, motivated, stimulated, and satiated. I'm waiting patiently for my next homework assignment, Dr. Dodson.

Illustration by Zanne Prudhomme

Every issue, Adventure Girl sets off for another sex-capade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs,** 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail staff@gfriends.com

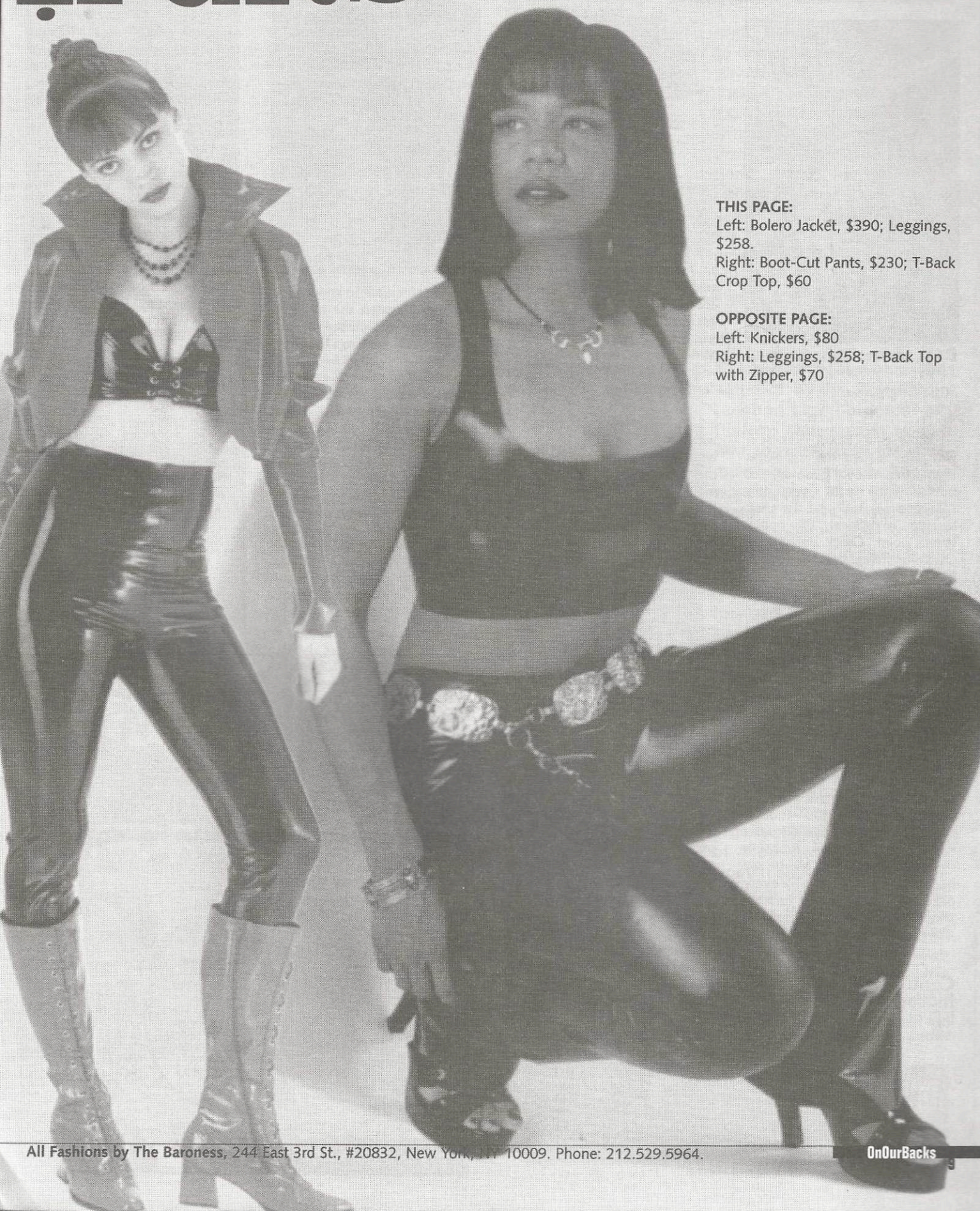
sex couture

juicy

Aren't these girls ripe for plucking? Their latex skins stay snug, yet smooth out curves—leaving legs, ass, and breasts slick and sexy. Who wouldn't want to touch? Who wouldn't want to be grasped, rubbed, spread? And the colors (eggplant, hot pink, royal blue) give new meaning to the phrase "fruit of her loins." Go ahead, take a bite.

Photography by Mark McQueen

fruits

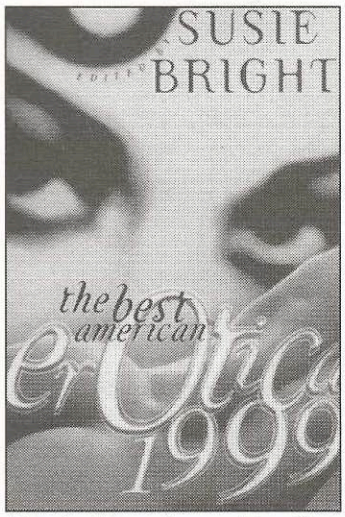


THIS PAGE:
Left: Bolero Jacket, $390; Leggings, $258.
Right: Boot-Cut Pants, $230; T-Back Crop Top, $60

OPPOSITE PAGE:
Left: Knickers, $80
Right: Leggings, $258; T-Back Top with Zipper, $70

All Fashions by The Baroness, 244 East 3rd St., #20832, New York, NY 10009. Phone: 212.529.5964.

read it

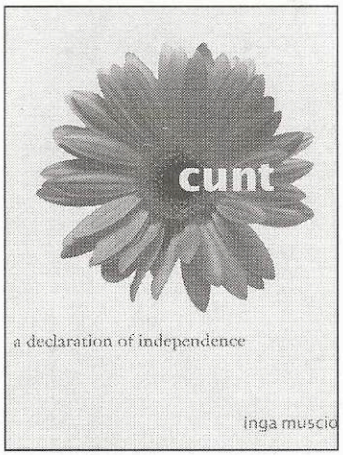


Best American Erotica 1999

Susie Bright, ed.
(Simon & Shuster)

I know what Bright likes, sex-wise, after reading this anthology. If you, too, enjoy a good dose of humor with your sex, this collection will really hit the spot; laughter is definitely this book's strong point. Check out "Three Obscene Telephone Calls" by Marian Phillips, an absolutely wild story involving clowns, inflatable seahorse cockrings, and tinfoil suits. Or there's the wonderful "Je t'aime, Batman, Je t'adore" by Kelly McQuain, which details the Boy Wonder's lust for his partner. (We always suspected, didn't we?) For more dyke-specific action, Cecilia Tan's "Penetration" declares, "yours is the cunt that ate Tokyo," in the midst of its litany of things fit to feed said orifice. There are more poignant moments here, too—though mostly from the boys (Thomas Roche and Michael Bronski's stories are standouts). Maybe my hand wasn't in my pants for every page, but the pages kept turning, and that's good enough for me. **ls**

Grade: 👄👄👄👄

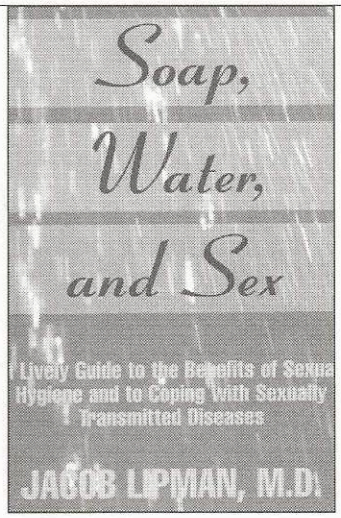


Cunt: A Declaration of Independence

Inga Muscio
(Seal Press)

"This may sound terribly New Age," Inga Muscio writes about halfway through this book. That's an understatement if I ever heard one. The best thing I can say about *Cunt* is that it's well-intentioned (and its bibliography and resource guide are excellent). Muscio wants us to reclaim the word *cunt* and learn to love our "anatomical jewel," an admirable project. But reading this book was a total 1970s flashback, complete with simplistic ideas about woman's natural connection with the earth and the moon, menstrual mysticism, fuzzy thinking, suspect linguistics, and residual intolerance for kink. I think a better textbook can be found for Cuntloving 101 (say, Germaine Greer's "Lady Love Your Cunt"). This manifesto ain't it. **ls**

Grade: 👄👄


Soap,
Water,
and Sex
A Lively Guide to the Benefits of Sexual Hygiene and to Coping With Sexually Transmitted Diseases
JACOB LIPMAN, M.D.

Soap, Water, and Sex

Jacob Lipman, M.D.
(Prometheus Books)

For those of us to whom hygiene is second nature, *Soap, Water, and Sex* is practically laughable in its introductory chapters with obvious statements such as, "a soapy lather allowed to remain on the skin for 15 seconds will eliminate many germs." There's also some questionable statistics: for example, the author grossly underestimates the average number of sex partners Americans have in a lifetime as 7. However, despite its bland, textbook tone and annoyingly heterosexual angle, *Soap*'s thorough catalogue of STD symptoms and preventions is relevant to the typical dyke mentality of low-risk practices being equivalent to no-risk practices. This guide comes clean with just about every factor you do and don't want to know about that may threaten the health of sexually active individuals. You'll be left with wanting to closely examine how you shower, bleed, and fuck. Whether you are germ-phobic or not, after reading this, every orifice will seem like it could use another scrub. **yh**

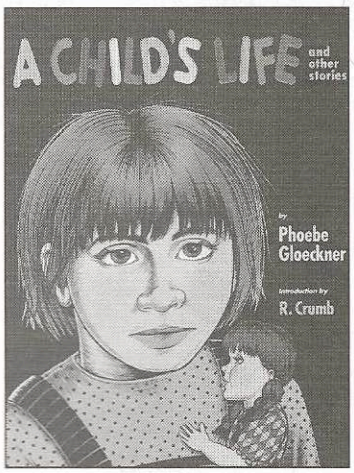
Grade: 👄👄👄👄

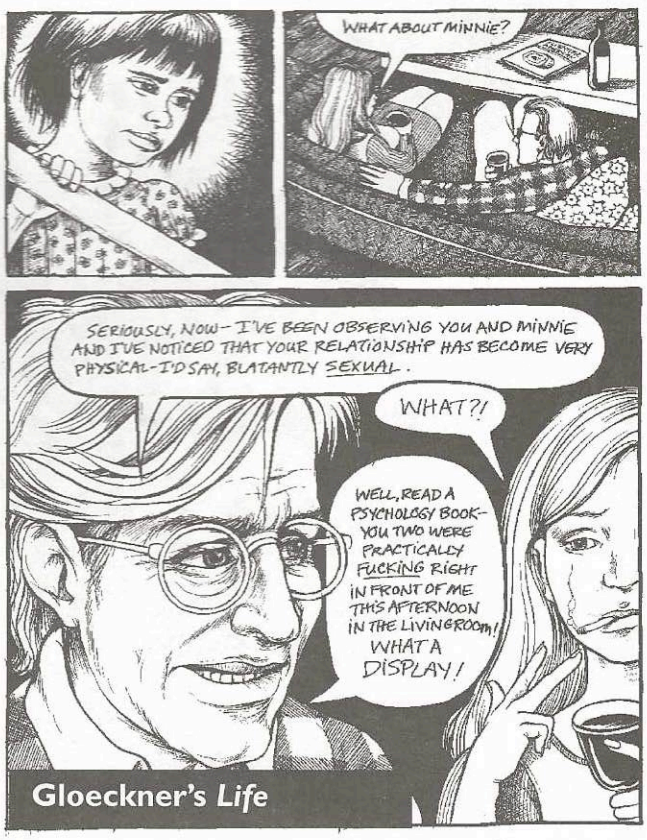
A Child's Life

Phoebe Gloeckner
(Frog. Ltd.)

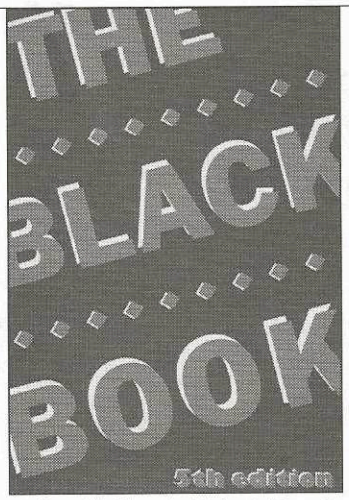
"Killing, you just get rid of the body," wrote Andrei Codrescu. "[With writing] you can torture the spirit." Gloeckner is living proof of this maxim, and her revenge—a macabre set of cartoons about her childhood sexual abuse by her stepfather—is brilliant. Her account of emotional terrorism, adult mind-games, rape, and other brutalities suffered by children are startlingly real. (For those without iron stomachs, too real.) By exposing her step father she, by proxy, exposes all child abusers—a powerful achievement. And the black humor of this book, though gruesome, offers condolences to abuse survivors like no syrupy self-help book ever could.

The book's one pitfall is the truly disgusting introduction by




WHAT ABOUT MINNIE?
SERIOUSLY, NOW- I'VE BEEN OBSERVING YOU AND MINNIE AND I'VE NOTICED THAT YOUR RELATIONSHIP HAS BECOME VERY PHYSICAL- I'D SAY, BLATANTLY SEXUAL.
WHAT?!
WELL, READ A PSYCHOLOGY BOOK- YOU TWO WERE PRACTICALLY FUCKING RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME THIS AFTERNOON IN THE LIVINGROOM! WHAT A DISPLAY!

Gloeckner's *Life*



cartoonist bigwig Robert Crumb, in which he confesses to wanting to molest Gloeckner when she was young. (He did in fact know her then.) Perhaps the intro was tongue-in-cheek, but it made me want to put finger-down-throat. **ad**

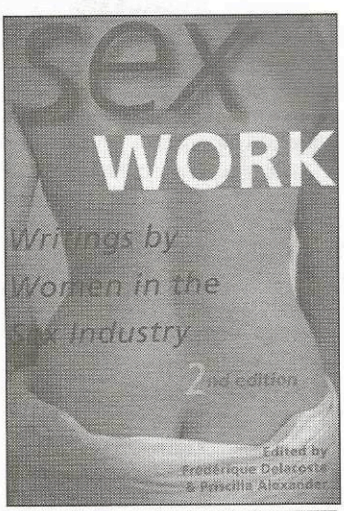
Grade: 👄👄👄👄👄
(skip the intro, though)

The Black Book

Bill Brent, ed.
(Black Books)

It makes the Yellow Pages look as useless as grandma's Bible. The fifth edition of *The Black Book* is probably the only resource guide you'll ever need. Every type of underground club, product, organization, and publication is represented here, from queer 'zines to dungeon furniture to where to locate 1930s porn. Ditch your travel guide; the back of the *Book* is categorized by location so you can shop around on your next road trip. Brent welcomes readers to the guide by stating that "sex...should enhance the quality of our lives." Whether or not the *Book* enhances your life, it will certainly supply the means to make it more interesting.

Grade: 👄👄👄👄👄



Sex Work: Writings by Women in the Sex Industry 2nd edition

Frederique Delacoste, ed.
(Cleis)

The editor claims to have coined the term "sex work": it's hard to doubt her. Originally published in 1987, *Sex Work* spawned several granddaughters (*Whores and Other Feminists* by Jill Nagle, for instance), but has no real predecessor. Thoughtful, politically sophisticated, and titillating (I admit it) this book wiped the smudges of both stigma and ignorance right off the oldest profession.

If you didn't find *Sex Work* 12 years ago, buy the second edition: it's a sure-fire way to knock your prejudices out from under you. If you've read it, you'll likely share my disappointment over the new material, which includes a new introduction, a selection called "Prostitution: *Still* A Difficult Issue," and an updated section on whore's rights activism. The new intro is tiny and "*Still* a Difficult Issue" is so extensive, it will exhaust everyone but the most devoted researcher. But all in all, for opening minds there's no better jimmy. **ad**

Grade: 👄👄👄👄

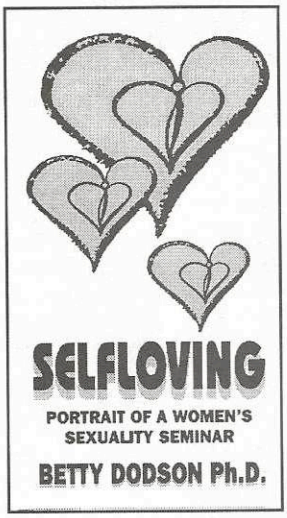
Review Staff

ad Athena Douris
ls Lori Selke
yh Yetta Howard

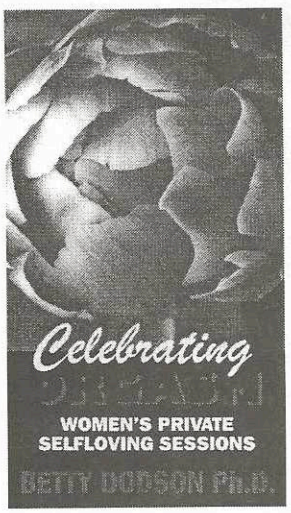
Little Black Book

👄
Wash your hair instead.
👄👄
Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
👄👄👄
One-night-stand material.
👄👄👄👄
Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.
👄👄👄👄👄
Better than sex.

Betty Dodson's Erotic Sex-Ed



Betty Dodson opens the doors to one of her pioneering two-day nude workshops. This Portrait is a daring and intimate expose of female masturbation with ten women sharing real orgasms. There's no faking it here. Just as amazing is the detailed examination of each women's genitals with the camera zooming in like an interested third party. Betty's celebration of female sexuality is intelligent, life affirming and down to earth. A one-hour color documentary filled with joy.



Celebrating Orgasm amazes by virtue of its simplicity. Both teacher and "big sister" Dodson shows each woman how to masturbate for maximum orgasmic results. The five women, ages 26 to 62, use vibrators, fingers, and dildos to reach orgasm while voicing their feelings and sensations. When the camera moves in for sharp close-ups, the resulting intimacy is extremely potent. Provocative viewing which is aimed at liberating female sexuality. One-hour erotic sex-ed.

Join Betty and ten other women to celebrate 25 years of her pioneering work to reveal the beauty of women's genitals. The group has gathered to honor women's sex organs with intimate images of their own vulvas. Hear women speak about the relationship they have with their genitals. Watch them prepare for their pussy portraits, then the actual photo session. Follow along as Betty guides the women through her ten suggested steps for genital self-massage. 1-hour erotic sex-ed.

SAVE UP TO $48.85! One video $39.95. Order any two videos for $59.90. Order all three videos for $80.00. Add $3.00 S&H (priority) to any order. Betty Dodson, Box 1933 Murray Hill, New York, NY 10156

HANDS-ON
FEMINISM'S BEST JILLING-OFF VIDEOS

by Cindy Patton

At age 12, while poring over a booklet from the Kotex Corporation, I discovered that touching myself, while no longer thought to be immoral or the cause of insanity, would make "adjustment" to a "normal adult sex life" "difficult." I can't say that I had exactly identified my secret pleasure as "masturbation," nor was I very sure what a normal adult sex life was. But I was terrified about the unstated consequences of adjustment difficulty.

So, I quit. Several times.

Of course, I soon learned that I had acquired a skill useful not only to me, but to, ahem, others. Well, if this sounds familiar, fear not. The women's sexual health and liberation movement is alive and well, and seriously into independent video production. Documenting individual stories of shame, repression, and simple nondiscovery faced by three generations of women, all of these videos use erotic and pornographic images to teach you some interesting new ways to do it to yourself!

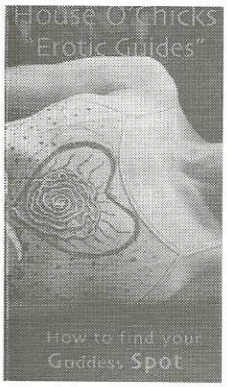
Va-Voom: House O' Chicks creator, Dorrie Lane

PHOTO COURTESY OF DORRIE LANE

The Magic of Female Ejaculation
(House O' Chicks, 1992)

This first of several productions by Dorrie Lane is very useful in explaining the physiology of the highly controversial female ejaculation. Although these G-spot gsysers have been spectacularly featured in various lesbian porn videos, I have to admit that I was originally among the skeptical. Like all good feminist educators, Dorrie shares her story about naturally ejaculating, but then coming to believe it was abnormal. But 20 years later, at a weekend spiritual retreat with a supportive lovers (yes, these are West Coast girls), she came to love her squirting sponges. The live demonstration works well after the clinical explanation. Interestingly, this video predates the spectacular ejaculation practices that appear in House O' Chicks' later videos.

Grade:



How to Find Your Goddess Spot
(House O' Chicks, 1993)

Much improved production values make this a highly informative and erotic video. The "vulva puppet," charts, and slightly goofy road map showed me a few new things. The live demonstration lacked erotic interest, unless you are seriously into playing student. But the video makes a convincing argument for the value of figuring out how that ridged anatomy works.

Grade:

Masturbation Memoirs
(House O' Chicks, 1995)

What a difference practice makes! The series is dedicated to Jocelyn Elders, deposed Surgeon General, and features clips from her speeches advocating teaching masturbation to our youth. Dorrie is joined by six friends (who could have been more racially diverse), several of whom didn't learn about masturbation until their 30s. All would have benefited from more open attitudes toward sexual pleasure and, especially, from a few pointers on their own bodies. One of the best segments features performance artist and sex educator Scarlet Harlot, draped in an American flag, who worships America (my "cunt-try") through masturbation. For my East Coast sensibility, Annie Sprinkle's "metabation"—masturbation out in nature as a spiritual duty—was a little over the top. When I see a cunt fade into a tree, I can't help but think ice storm and snowplows. The ejaculation technique also attains its aesthetic peak.

Grade:

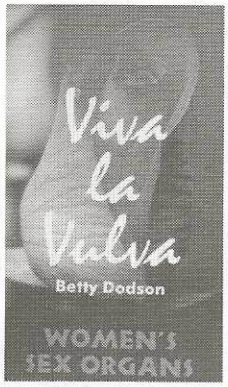
Sexual Ecstasy for Couples
(P.E.I, 1997)

Produced by *Libido: Journal of Sex and Sensibility*, a nonlesbian contemporary of *On Our Backs* and *Bad Attitude*, this video combines a self-help sensibility with the high production values we've come to expect from commercial pornography. Less home-grown than the House O' Chicks productions, the video juxtaposes slickly produced "solutions" to the frankly discussed problems women face in getting their (male) partners to engage in fantasy play, non-intercourse sex, and "introducing a third partner into your sex play." The only girl-girl segment appears in this last category, and quickly becomes two-girls-for-every-boy. But, in the discussion, it becomes clear that many of the women have experience with this ratio of three-way, and one woman says that she "needs the female companionship" and wants "a woman's energy and a man's energy."

Grade:

Viva la Vulva
(Betty Dodson, 1998)

This is the best thing I've seen in ages—but then, Betty Dodson's been a sexual-pleasure guru for a long time. In the video she describes some of the differences between her work in the early 1970s and the groups she does now; still, the basic story women tell, and the strategy for learning to love your "private parts," transcends the times. Much more obviously grounded in the women's health movement (or, perhaps, minus the cunt-spiritualizing of the San Francisco videos), we see a photo session in which a dozen women of most colors and many ages (25 to 55) groom their pussies for a photo shoot. Dodson gets everyone to look at each other's similarities and differences and truly gets everyone to appreciate their woman parts, in some cases to the point of labia envy! Arty in a Judy Chicago style, the whole video is diffusely erotic and ends with instruction in genital self-massage that could, but doesn't have to, lead to "masturbation." Wow! Self-foreplay, and it's really sexy.



Grade:

Cindy Patton was a founding editor of the erotic lesbian magazine *Bad Attitude*, teaches lesbian and gay studies at Emory University, and has been extensively involved in feminist and AIDS politics.

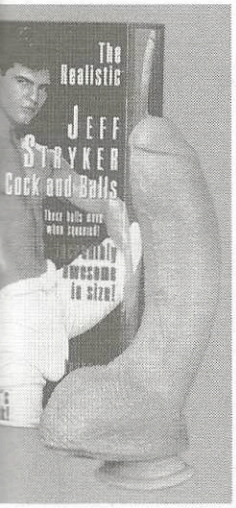
try it

CELEBRITY SCHLONG SPECIAL!

Sean Michaels

(California Exotic Novelties, $80)

Sean is a hearty ten inches, two and a half in diameter, and a lovely shade of chocolate brown. Just shy of too big, he's perfect for size queens like me. In fact, I couldn't fit him in my mouth at all, but downstairs was another story (patience and lots of lube helped). If size matters to you, too, this cutie's a keeper. **ls** Grade:



Jeff Stryker

(Doc Johnson, $55)

God save this size queen: the world's most reknowned celebrity dong looks more like an ox's yoke than a dildo. Stryker's weenie is so long I could easily fuck a friend in a neighboring state from the comfort of my own bed. I loved the realistic balls (so sue me), but at nine and a half inches long and six and a half inches around, I could only get the head in *my* muff. Mothers of twins, and the UTI-immune, maybe: everyone else, beware. **ad** Grade:

Ron Jeremy

(California Exotic Novelties, $55)

I prepared for my date with Ron Jeremy, a night I had awaited for more than a decade. I poured myself a glass of wine—okay, actually a couple—laid down, and got myself ready to go. The nine and three-fourths-inch-long dong did not fit. Now I understand the elasticity of the pussy; I've given birth. More wine and more lube—but no. At least Jeremy made a hell of an icebreaker the next night at my cocktail party. **cd**

Grade:

Julian

(California Exotic Novelties, $70)

Two words about Julian: big and veiny! At nine and a half inches, this bad boy packs a powerful punch that I still feel today. The thick veins were good handles to help me pull him in, but I never did get it fully inside me (it's hard to defy the laws of physics). I did suction Julian to the wall and watched my cats play with him. At least some pussy enjoyed him. Meeeoow! **ng** Grade:

John Holmes

(Doc Johnson, $75)

Modeled after the legendary porn star, it's possible that this one's really life-size (I have my doubts about some others I've seen). But I hope not; this specimen's truly gargantuan. Thirteen inches long and as thick as my wrist, Mr. Holmes was just too much for me. But I'm sure he'll look lovely on the mantle, or maybe suction-cupped to the shower wall as a surprise for my roommates. **ls** Grade:

Little Black Book

Wash your hair instead.

Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.

One-night-stand material.

Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.

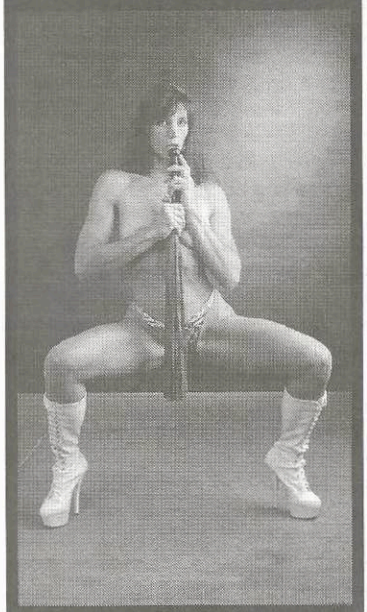
Better than sex.

Many thanks to Good Vibrations for going the extra nine inches and donating two big-name dildos to **On Our Backs**.

Review Staff

cd Catherine Draper
ad Athena Douris
ng Nikki Galvin
ls Lori Selke

ACTION
VERY, VERY
REAL ACTION!
S&M and B&D
SPANKING
FEM-DOM
SHAVING
and
KYM WILDE'S
"ON THE EDGE"
"VIRGIN KINK"
SERIES
plus
ALL-MALE
SPANKING
S&M and B&D



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FETISH VIDEO

THE DOCTOR IS NINA

A FRIENDLY HAND

A good friend of mine has only had bad lesbian sexual encounters (she is a dyke, by the way). She seems really hopeless about ever having good sex and is on the verge of giving it up altogether. I offered to fuck her well, but she continually refuses me, saying that things would be uncomfortable between us if this were to happen. Should I persist or just let her give up?

I don't know—how skilled are you with the intricacies of casual friendship-based sport fucking? She needs sexual therapy in the context of a supportive friendship instead of a relationship. She needs TLC in order to claim her body and feelings for herself. Only then can she enter into a healthy relationship with another. Are you equipped to help her back to herself? To massage her and seduce her over time to sexual situations? It could take months of patient work on your part. It's hard when one is okay with sex to help someone who isn't yet. Be a caring friend, and perhaps she'll come around.

BEAVER FEVER

Nina, I love going down on women. I love the smell, taste, and especially the hairiness of pussies. My problem is that the woman that I've been seeing is completely shaved. This is such a turn-off. I feel like I'm fucking a pre-pubescent girl! Should I tell her to grow hair or just quit this relationship if she keeps shaving her twat?

Well, she certainly deserves to be given the chance to choose between shaving and you. Does she even know how you feel? Or do you seethe with resentment and, in true passive-aggressive fashion, find ways to make things tense? Give her a chance to make you happy. If she won't grow it out, the ball's in your court.

CLUELESS CRUISER

How can I tell if I'm being cruised? Guys always seem to know, but I'm clueless!

Join the club! I'm clueless, too. I'm blessed (or cursed?) with an unromantic directness: "I'd love to get naked with you—how 'bout it?" If a woman is used to being more closeted, and more subtle, I'll misread her every time. For me, if you wanna fuck, just ask me—I'll let you know the score and I'll be nice about it!

COWORKER'S COOCHIE

I am a straight woman and have always been fascinated by lesbianism. I have discussed this with a lesbian that I work with. Then I met her girlfriend at an office party, and now I've been having sex with her for about a month. The problem is that every time I go to work, I feel guilty because the coworker I've been confiding in has no idea that I'm screwing her girlfriend. Should I tell her? It's not as if I am the only one that is guilty here.

Tsk, tsk, tsk. Nothing is more childish than to blame someone else for one's own bad behavior. Your new lover may be cheating on her girlfriend, but why are you part of it? The appeal of your first regular pussy is undeniably strong, but you're being selfish and cowardly. Show some class and maturity and break it off until your lover resolves her relationship with her girlfriend. What will you say when you are confronted with the pain that betrayal has wrought? If your lover is vindictive, she will name you the "other." How will you make it up to the woman who was kind enough to share her life and wisdom with you? Do you really want to satisfy your desire at her expense?

RUMP VIRGIN

My girlfriend and I have great sex, but now she wants to have anal sex with me—put her finger in my asshole and her tongue there, too. I don't feel comfortable with that idea. Do you think I'm wrong? Should I let her?

No, you're not wrong to feel uncomfortable. I've always found it most beneficial to examine that which makes me uneasy. Can you swing a compromise—you'll agree to look into it honestly on your own or she'll back off and not bring it up again (verbally or non-verbally) until you say it's time.

The best place to start is The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women *by Tristan Taormino. Without pressure from your lover and at your own pace, see if you can "liberate your asshole" at least a little. When and if you feel ready, bring your lover into it. It takes time and practice to become a good anal team. You're in the driver's seat. She has to respect your wishes in this matter. You cannot do it for her, only for yourself, for the pleasure of it. Try it, you may like it.*

BE FRUITFUL AND MULTIPLY

Why is it that I'm the only one that can't seem to have multiple orgasms? Is it possible that it's just me, or is my lover to blame?

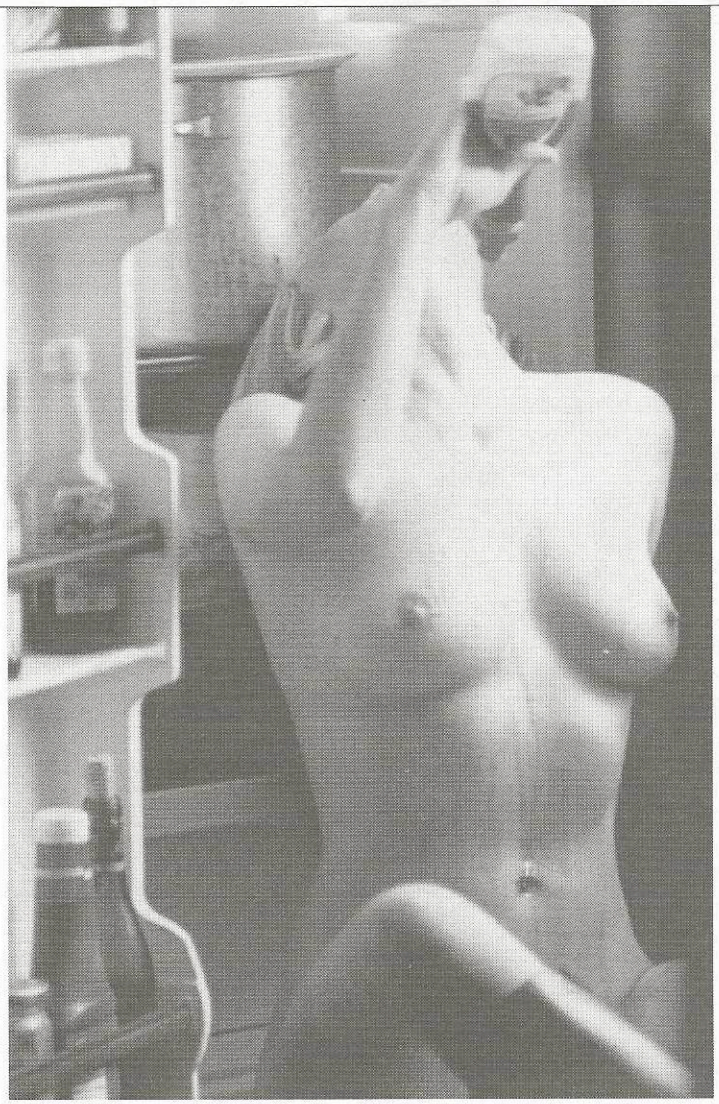
Contrary to how it seems, you're in the majority, orgasm-wise. Even someone as tense as you seem to be about it can learn to come more easily and/or more often. Not being "multi" myself, I've taken some tips from observing women who are (especially my wife, Bobby).

There's even a book called Ultimate Pleasure: Secrets of Easily Orgasmic Women by Mark Meschorer *for women who want to have better orgasms. It's out of print, but you might keep your eyes open in case you run across it. Of course Betty Dodson's book,* Sex for One, *is essential reading. In the meantime, stop feeling pressure and irritation—these are proven orgasm killers. Any way you come is fine, just don't stop doing it!*

Nina Hartley is a porn star and registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Fax: 415.648.4705; mail: Dear Nina, 3415 César Chávaz, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; e-mail: staff@gfriends.com

how to Food-Fuck

by Tasha Savage



TODD BUTLER

So you've watched 9 1/2 Weeks a hundred times, each time salivating over the now-famous food-sex scene. You've fantasized that it was you—not Mickey Rourke—who used cherries jubilee to make Kim Basinger beg. But every time you suggest a food frolic to your own Bahama mama, she shoots another icky bottle of pseudo-pineapple body oil in your direction. What to do? Here are ten hints that will help you and your lover learn how to properly play with your food.

1. **Shower first.** Any artist knows that a clean canvas is the best place to begin. Whether you have a long, hot bath or a quickie, cold shower doesn't matter as long as it puts you both in the mood. Get her lathered up and—unless you're just a spectator—make sure you join her.

2. **Play with your food.** It sounds obvious, but a lot of women don't think beyond the clichés. (How many times have you been propositioned with whipped cream and chocolate syrup?) Some of the best fuck foods are canned peaches, orange popsicles, and halved pears. But you can have plenty of fun with other foods, too. Pomegranates are sexy simply because they leave a pink remnant of your lovemaking. Kiwis—with their juicy and malleable insides and fuzzy exteriors—will give any girl a thrill. Basically, any food you find sensual and arousing will do, but you'll get bonus points from the missus by paying attention to texture, consistency, and taste.

3. **Imagine you're blind.** You don't have to live like Helen Keller, but learn how to rely on the tactile senses instead of your site. A blind person doesn't care what an avocado looks like; only what it tastes, feels, and smells like. Blindfold yourself or, at least, close your eyes until you can use your fingertips, your tongue, your skin, and your nose—not your eyes—to navigate her body buffet.

4. **Slow down.** No matter how fast you're going, you're going too fast. Food fun is always best when it happens very slowly in the beginning. Tease, tease, tease—and when she can stand it no more, then you can please. Don't worry about making her beg.

5. **Don't be afraid to penetrate.** Women can't live by stimulation alone. Green bananas (or their cousin, the plantain) make great dildos. Peel first, then turn the banana so it curves up. Hold firmly in the middle (it can be done) and slowly push it inside her. When done properly, the banana penetrates her, rubs her clit, and hits her G-spot in one fell swoop. One banana is good for at least 10 minutes (unless she's a real thrasher), and green bananas won't break off or mush into tiny pieces. You can have fun digging out any remains, too, and you can rub the inside of the banana peel across her breasts and make her swoon like a jungle banshee.

6. **Remember the clitoris.** Going down is great when she's dressed like a fruit salad. But don't limit yourself to that. Use the food as your tongue. Take a canned peach that's dripping with syrup and rub the concave part along her clit. If you flip the peach over, the rougher edge simulates a woman's tongue. She feels better than if you were toiling away with your tongue, and you have enough distance to watch her body change as she gets aroused.

7. **Think cheap, easy, and healthy.** No meat, no protein. Vegetarian fits most dykes' politics and their budgets, since most fruits can be picked up for under a dollar at any grocery store (though discerning dykes might prefer an organic outlet). Plus, if you've forgotten your sex toys, you can always find one near the register (Butterfinger bars are fun for penetration, while chomped wintergreen lifesavers spice up oral sex.)

8. **She's not a lollipop.** Sensual licking is great, but too much in one spot and she'll feel like she's being attacked by the cat. Avoid food that doesn't come off easily (though sensual, honey is a no-no for novices), unless your girlfriend has nerves of steel.

9. **Remember she has knees.** Shmearing juice on the backs of her knees will get you farther than any kiss. Don't forget to suck pomegranate seeds from her navel, nibble marshmallows between her toes, or write "I Love You" in coconut milk on her back.

10. **Clean up quickly.** You *might* like to wake up with matted hair and sticky thighs, but whenever you have fun with your grub it's best to clean up afterwards. Finish the night with a tub-for-two and, if you've penetrated, make sure to clean really well down there. (Experts are out on whether you should douche; unless you're really worried, don't.)

DON'T

...use anything hard. Pretzels make great bedside snacks, but during sex use soft, rounded foods (especially your first time) and avoid acidic fruits (such as lemons).

...play with cukes. There are plenty of good "why cucumbers are better than men" jokes, but experienced dykes know cucumbers are too big, too hard, and too bumpy. Plus, they have a waxy coat that's laden with pesticides. Yuck.

...start right after dinner: An empty stomach isn't necessary, but try to nibble after a six-course meal and you won't last through to her first orgasm.

...go to extremes: Frozen popsicles and melted caramel might not be right for her first time out. Start with cool foods and experiment more later.

Jaiko

Name: Jaiko. "It's from a Japanese cartoon, because people used to say that I'm like a cartoon character. My real name means "quiet one," which had nothing to do with me. Jaiko was the character that everyone hated, the ugly one."

Age: 26

Why She Loves New York City: "This city makes me calmer, somehow. I feel I'm in the right place especially because I came from Japan. When I was growing up there, people always thought I was strange. I feel normal here; no one really bothers anyone that looks or acts different. There are all these crazy people here. It makes me feel good because I don't feel as crazy."

Her Biggest Turn-on: "Food. I love cooking and eating. When I don't get good sex, food becomes a substitute. It also works the other way around: If I can't indulge in food, then sex becomes a necessity. I need to have my mouth or my cunt filled, just not at the same time."

Favorite Body Part: "I love my beauty marks. I think they are so sexy and attractive. There's a big beauty mark between my legs, right by my cunt."

Dating Requirements: "If someone is unpredictable and fun, it's exciting. It's not about how someone looks."

Occupation: "I started exotic dancing all-nude in Japan, then continued when I moved to the states. Eventually I put more and more clothes on, like pasties on my nipples, and got into go-go dancing. Every week I dance at the Vampiros Lesbos party here. It's a 1960s-style go-go party full of beautiful women. I also play drums for Fresh Fish and Electroputas and write a column for a Japanese music magazine."

Occupational Hazard: "When I came to the states five years ago, I didn't speak English very well. At least in Japan, I could tell them what I thought. I didn't know how to respond to some of these assholes. I used to hit them."

What She's Been Up To Recently: "I just did a movie with Annie Sprinkle. There was this one scene in which she was beating me up with her tit. It wasn't really a porno or anything; it was more like naked girls hitting each other. All the girls in the movie had huge tits, and I felt so small-titted compared to them. We had a hell of a time."
-yh

Photography by Annie Sprinkle

the on our backs interview

Candida Royalle

Interview by Lori Selke

More than a decade ago, the vivacious Candida Royalle left her career as an adult porn actress for the other side of the camera, and began producing adult movies. To do so, she founded her own company, Femme Productions, and almost single-handedly created an entire genre of films now known as "couples' movies." Eliminating the come shot and other formulaic elements of traditional porn, Royalle created explicit videos unlike any seen before, with women's desires and fantasies placed first, without being softened or coddled. Now, after putting out 14 hot and highly acclaimed films, including *My Surrender*, *Three Daughters*, and *Eyes of Desire*, she may be leaving filmmaking behind. **On Our Backs** talks with Royalle about her frustrations with the adult film industry, her plans for the future, and why surrender remains her favorite erotic concept.

ON OUR BACKS: What are the differences you see between traditional porn and women-centered porn?

CANDIDA ROYALLE: Well, I think the line's getting a little fuzzy, and I'd like to take some credit for that. When I started out, the line was, "Oh Candida, nice idea, but women are just not into erotic imagery." My original partner, Lauren Niemy, and I, we really felt that the biggest thing that needed to change was the way the sex was depicted. Everything was so formulaic. The amount of sex scenes you had to have, the kind of sex scenes you had to have, the camera angles. You could close your eyes and know what was coming. I like making the people into real characters, real human beings, not just robots with genitals. I like when it looks like the people are really connecting, when there's something to latch onto and get interested in. So, creating more of a context, creating more subtlety, more sensuality, more of a build-up, and a lead-in into the sex, whether the sex turns out to be soft and pretty, or hard and nasty.

ON OUR BACKS: I wanted to ask you about girl-girl scenes in porn. In heterosexual porn, girl-girl scenes are usually seen as a male fantasy. How do you address that in your movies?

ROYALLE: The reason that I don't have a lot of lesbian scenes is, number one, it was a reaction to the insistence on putting girl-girl scenes in for male titillation. I really resented it, and I don't want to put anything in my movies that doesn't have some realism to it. So I won't put scenes between women in unless there was a reason for it in the story, and/or the women were really bisexual or lesbian. In my very first video, I had to prove that I could make a commercially salable movie; I put that scene in because there was pressure to put it in.

I didn't put one [a lesbian scene] in again until *Three Daughters*, because that was about the sexual and sensual development of a young woman. I took a lot of it from my own life. I had one of my most incredible experiences when I was really only 13 —I had to make [the character in the video] 18 for legal reasons. My next door neighbor Suzy, one of my best friends, used to come over to our house, and we would pretend that one of us was a boy. Whoever played the boy role would slowly undress the other one and slowly caress the other one's body and skin. We would take turns doing this and I remember this as being incredibly, incredibly powerful. I still remember the softness of her skin and the fragrance of it. And so I wanted to show this in *Three Daughters*.

I also have a very hot scene in *Bridal Shower* that Nina Hartley and Missy do before Missy's husband catches them. And they really did have a relationship, all three of them. That was such a hot scene.

So I like putting it in there, but I want it to have a context and a realism, just like in the heterosexual scenes. I'm mostly heterosexual, and I feel that I better represent what I know. As an artist, you create from your own experience and your own heart. I'm now considering very strongly starting a line of movies by women for women, lesbians, within the Femme line, because I think it's so appropriate and so needed, and I want to bring in gay women to direct.

ON OUR BACKS: I have to ask, after reading your biography and seeing that you performed with [San Francisco gay performance troupe] the Cockettes and worked with Divine, do you consider yourself a fag hag?

ROYALLE: I'm not sure if that describes me or not. How would you describe a fag hag?

ON OUR BACKS: Somebody who enjoys the company of gay men, a woman who finds herself with gay men a lot and has a connection with their culture.

ROYALLE: I was very much that. I was a late developer, a real skinny kid, and all of the sudden at about 16 years old I blossomed into this voluptuous, curvaceous, adorable thing. I didn't even know I was cute—I was so insecure—and suddenly I had all these men running after me. These things started happening to me and it became scary. When I was 18 and practically still a virgin I had one boss I worked for assault me. Plus, guys that I didn't want to have sex with would become angry and insulted. So I went through a period when I just turned away from straight men and heterosexual sex. I moved to San Francisco and fell in with this group of people who were mostly gay men. For me it was a wonderful experience because these men were not threatening.

The one downside was that there came a point when I did miss my sexuality, I missed having lovers. I wanted to embrace having sex with men again, and my male gay friends were not particularly gracious about it. They were a little cruel. I don't understand what that was about. Maybe they felt jealous or rejected, I don't know.

ON OUR BACKS: I know you're a founder and board member of Feminists for Free Expression. I was wondering how the group is doing. I just read a statement by Andrea Dworkin [in *Time*] declaring that the antiporn feminists lost.

ROYALLE: Did she say that?

ON OUR BACKS: Yes, she did. So I thought, "Well, that leaves us."

ROYALLE: Yes! Exactly. In a way it's kind of heartening, between that and the Republicans taking the pie in the face this election, there's a little bit of hope going on. A little bit. We can't get lazy now. But yes, we are alive and thriving. It's difficult. We're a very small group, a small board, who are very busy, but such illustrious women.

Right now we're doing fund-raising because we want to up our outreach. We feel that public education is really the way to go. We want to get all our illustrious speakers out there more, and we're trying to start college campus branches.

ON OUR BACKS: What are you up to now?

ROYALLE: I am just finishing up a six-picture deal with Adam and Eve [Distributors]. This will be 14 movies in my Femme line. I feel as if I've come as far as I can within the adult industry. I've hit a glass ceiling that exists in this industry, unfortunately. It's really hard to make quality and make money in this industry. I've done pretty well for myself, but it's *still* a problem getting sex-positive, female-centered erotica, porn, whatever you want to call it, out there in a big way. I think my line is one of the most successful, and yet there's so much more that could be done that isn't. I'm just not getting the kind of support and backing I really should be getting. When you're dealing with something that's unusual and unique and visionary and woman-centered, you really hit the walls.

I need a break; I need to regroup. What I'd love to do is get back to my writing. I'd like to write about this whole part of my life. I feel a chapter closing, and I think the perfect closure would be to write the book, finally. And in the meantime, I'm leaving behind a line of 14 movies that I'm very proud of, that I hope will continue to sell. Hopefully someone will pick up after me.

ON OUR BACKS: There's all this nostalgia going on for the Golden Age of Porn now, and at the same time you've said that without the rise of video there wouldn't have been a market for your products.

ROYALLE: Yeah, everyone blames the advent of video for the demise of the adult movie. What I blame it on is that same old human greed that ruins anything that comes along.

For me, the advent of the video camera and home video was a way to explore a new market, a new approach, in an affordable way. Had I gone to an investor and said, "Well, I need $150,000 to produce one movie for a market that is not proven or known to exist," he'd laugh me out of the office. But the fact that I could say, "Look, I can do this first one for $20,000—that's all you have to invest," made it do-able. But most people really saw home video as just a way to spend less and get away with doing less. It's just like anything in life; what comes along with the good is always some bad. But video has been a great way to explore and give birth to new kinds of creative mediums and concepts.

ON OUR BACKS: Which of the movies you've produced is your favorite, and which of the ones you appeared in is your favorite?

ROYALLE: Of the ones I've produced, it's usually the last thing I've done. That would be *Eyes of Desire*. But then the stuff that I was in, I would have to say that probably *Blue Magic* is my favorite because again, it was the last thing I ever did. I think it was the loveliest movie, a Victorian, turn-of-the-century piece, and I think that it was

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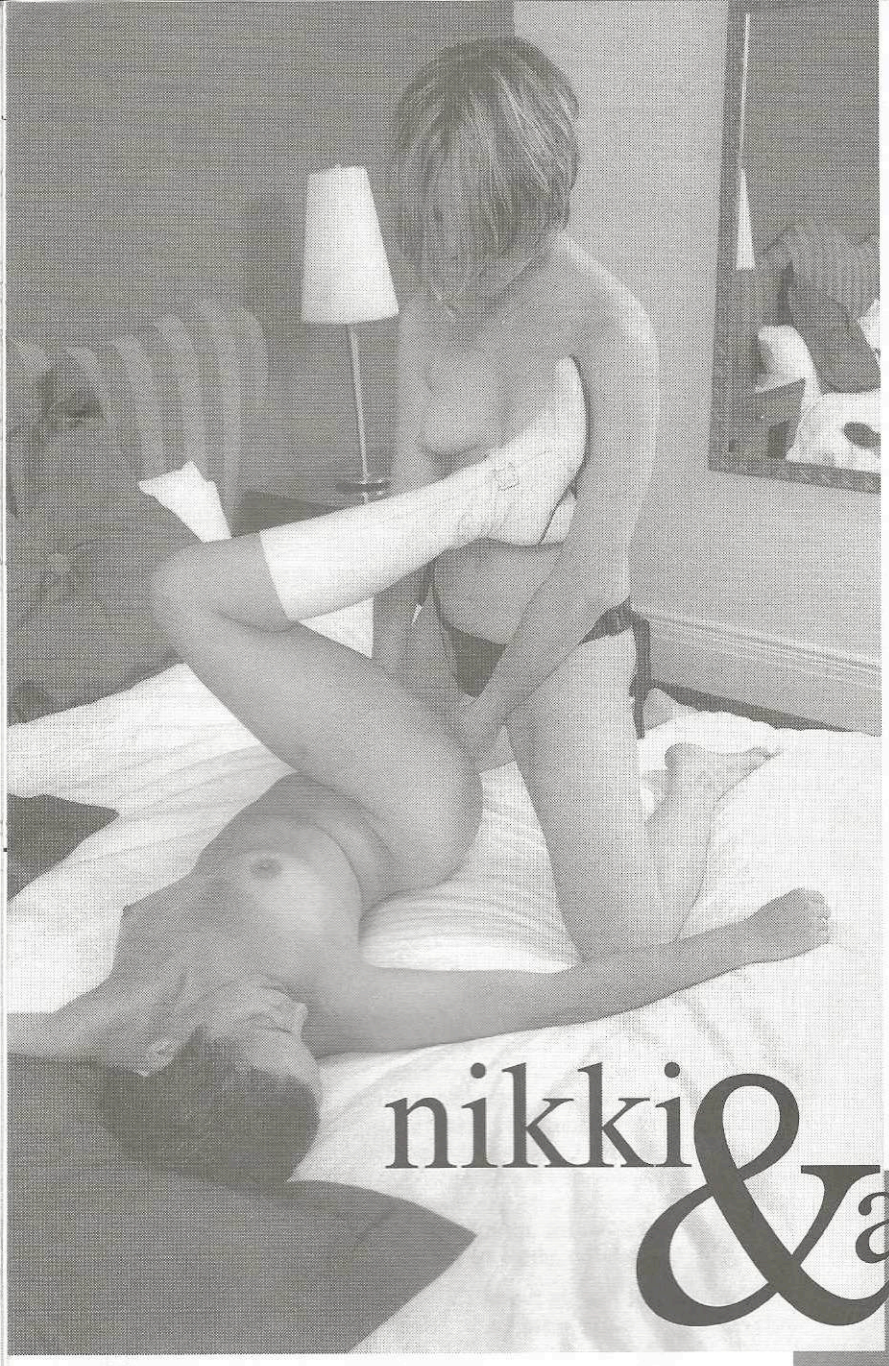
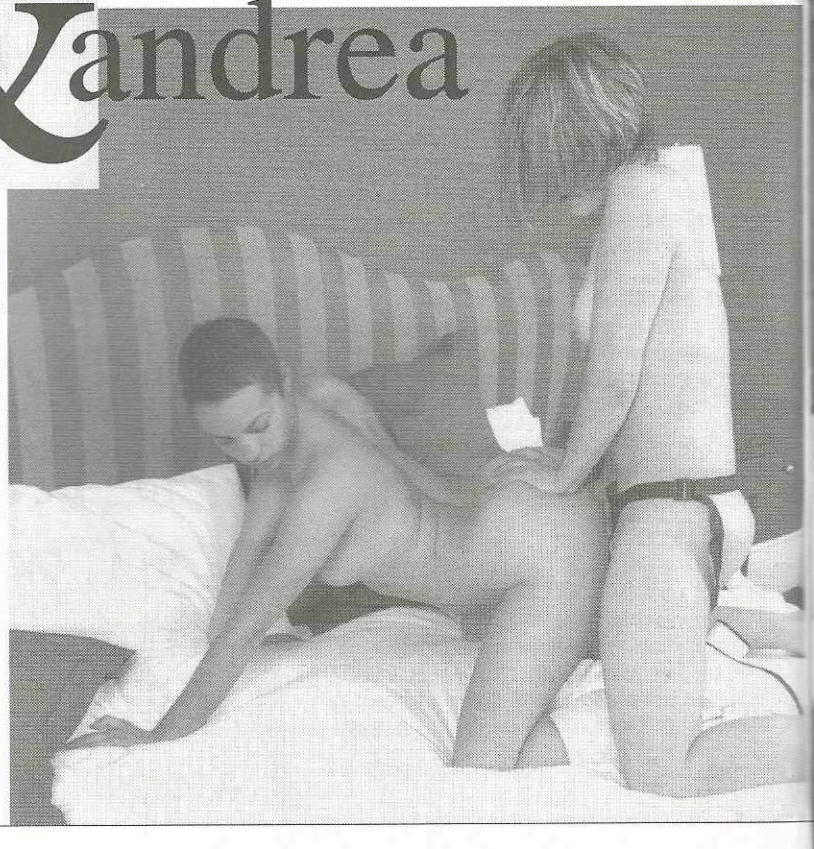


hotel hoochie nikki & andrea



Nikki and Andrea met two years ago at a Halloween party. They didn't hit it off when they met: Nikki thought the silver-painted Martian, Andrea, was cocky. But because a friend was playing cupid, they kept bumping into each other. Before they knew it they were spending more and more time talking. "I loved how everything affected her so much," says Nikki, a former gymnast and dancer. "I loved how passionate Andrea was, and is, about everything."

A year after they started dating (they set their real anniversary in December), the duo moved from Minneapolis to San Francisco. While out dancing a few months later, they came across a friend of theirs who had just flown in to take photos for **On Our Backs**. Coincidentally, the editor **On Our Backs** was there too; introductions were made all around and the couple agreed to do a photo shoot days later at a hotel down town.

Nikki and Andrea say they were glad the shoot happened so soon after they agreed to do it, so they couldn't chicken out. But, still, "I'm glad we did it," says Nikki. "I absolutely couldn't have any inhibitions."—**ad**

Photography by Heat Ray

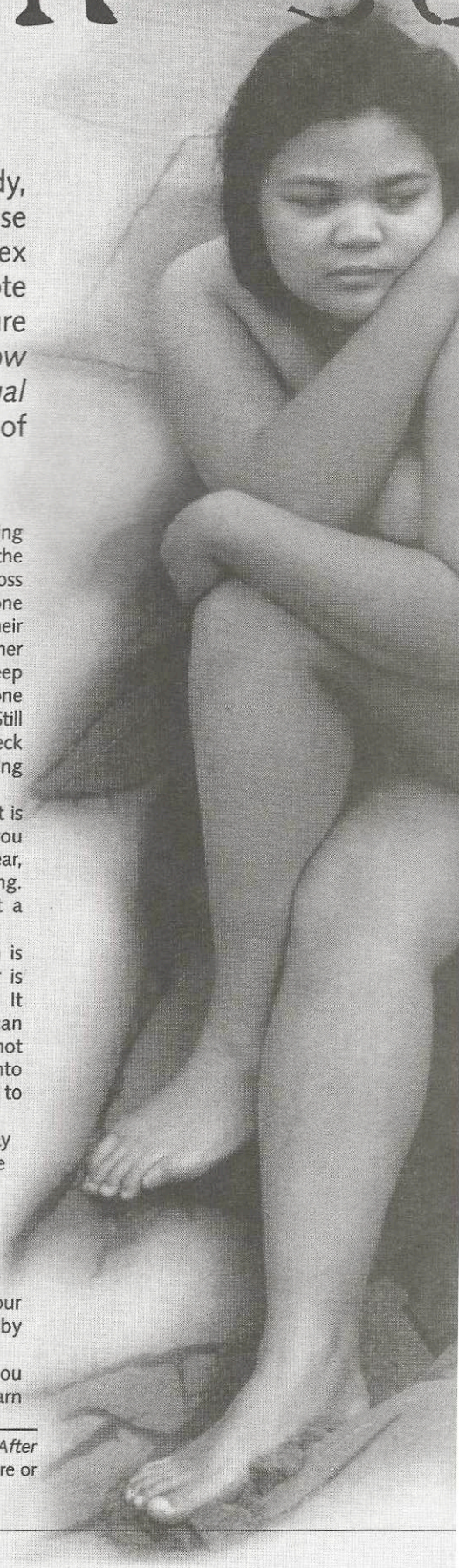
OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

SEX FOR SU

By Staci Haines

Do you leave your body during sex? Going out-of-body, especially during sex, is a common experience for abuse survivors, but just about everybody checks out during sex sometimes. In a 1995 issue of **On Our Backs**, Staci Haines wrote about being both sex-positive and an incest survivor. That feature developed into her new book, *The Survivor's Guide To Sex: How to Create Your Own Empowered Sexuality After Child Sexual Abuse*—the first encouraging, sex-positive guide for survivors of sexual assault. **On Our Backs** exclusive excerpt follows.



WHAT IS DISSOCIATION?

"Checking out," leaving your body, crawling out of your own skin: it's called dissociation. As a child, leaving yourself was a survival tool, and a good one at that. It helped you distance yourself mentally, emotionally, and spiritually from the sexual abuse you experienced. You would not have survived as intact as you are if you had not dissociated. Dissociation is a normal and healthy response to trauma, but not particularly enhancing to sexual pleasure!

"What do you mean, be in my body for sex? I spend my energy trying not to be there during sex." *Hannah*

Dissociation is something that humans do automatically. I have come to think of dissociation as a kind of emotional immune system response. When a virus invades your body, your immune system acts automatically. You do not have to send out any kind of alert or instructions. Dissociation also happens automatically without you thinking about it or having control over it.

People experiencing various types of traumas report the same experiences of dissociation. Survivors of domestic violence and rape, war veterans, political prisoners, and torture survivors all use dissociation as a survival tool. If the trauma or betrayal is too much for the psyche to process at that time, the survivor will distance herself from the event.

"I still sometimes find myself floating outside of my body as if I am walking behind myself. This happens particularly when I am scared or startled. It's like it is automatic, the first place I know to go to feel safe." *Henrietta*

Dissociation can be as subtle as "spacing out" for a brief time, or as extreme as the experience of watching yourself from across the room, as if you were watching someone else. Some survivors report floating out of their bodies and watching the abuse from the other side of the room. Others talk about going deep inside to a very small place, where no one could find them, touch them, or get them. Still others tell about focusing on a very small speck on the wall or ceiling, or singing or talking themselves into another world.

The hard thing about dissociation is that it is a temporary survival technique. Although you get away from the immediate pain and fear, the trauma does not get healed by dissociating. It remains with you, to be attended to at a later, safer time.

The other tricky thing about dissociation is that it can continue long after the danger is over, and after its usefulness has passed. It becomes so practiced that you can automatically dissociate even when you are not in danger. Dissociation can last long into adulthood, becoming a part of what you do to cope or to be sexual.

If you do dissociate, you'll find that the way that you left yourself to survive the abuse are most likely the ways that you continue to dissociate today. It's like the nervous system learns a certain route, and uses it again and again. This can be frustrating when you know consciously that you are safe, and that the person you are having sex with is not your perpetrator, yet still you respond by dissociating.

The good news about dissociation is that you can learn to notice how it works. As you learn

Reprint: Excerpted from *The Survivor's Guide to Sex: How to Create Your Own Empowered Sexuality After Child Sexual Abuse* by Staci Haines. Published by Cleis Press 1999. Available at your favorite bookstore or from the publisher. Contact Cleis Press at 1-800-780-2279 or Cleis@aol.com, www.cleispress.com

RVIVORS

what happens when you dissociate, you can learn how to find your way back.

GETTING A HANDLE ON DISSOCIATION

To start, consider what you feel like when you are "checked out" or dissociated. Where do you go? What do you feel or not feel in your body? Are you breathing? What do you say to yourself? How does the world look to you when you are dis-sociated?

Following are examples from other survivors:

"When I am dissociated, the vividness of things fades. The colors are less bright and everything feels distant or separate from me." *Ronda*

"I notice that I start faking everything. Instead of telling the truth, I try to make everything look or seem okay. It feels like I am the only one who knows what is going on and I'm faking out my lover." *Simone*

"I am easily distracted, thinking of everything other than the sex I am having, like figuring out whose going to baby-sit the kids next week and what I should do about a problem at work. " *Carol*

"I can't really feel my body anymore. Sometimes I look down at my arm and wonder if that is really mine." *May*

"I hold my breath and just go blank. I can't think or feel." *Roberta*

Physiologically, dissociation usually involves shallow breathing or holding the breath. Pretend you are scared or startled, and what happens? Most often we tense our muscles and hold the breath. Holding the breath begins to send the body into a form of shock. Tensing the body constricts the flow of blood in the body and can begin to numb sensations. Also, when we are under attack or afraid, adrenaline can course through the body. This helps to numb sensation and sends the body into a "fight or flight" response.

"I notice I make the muscles around my pelvis and genitals really tight when I am afraid and start to get spaced out. This usually goes along with holding my breath." *Jen*

You may find that you have little or no sensation in a particular part of your body. It may feel blank, numb, or void. This is an area to pay attention to. It may hold old tension and trauma from the abuse.

"I can hardly keep focused on trying to feel my low back and ass. I can stay for a millisecond and then I realize I've checked out again." *Marie*

CHECK YOUR HEAD

As you begin to notice the various ways you dissociate, you may find that you always say the same thing to yourself, like "nothing matters anyway" or "I am worthless." These patterns become recognizable and thus easier to notice and work with. What sends

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GET EMBODIED
Five Steps Toward Ending Dissociation

1. Five Minutes. Practice noticing the sensations in your body, including your legs, arms, and genitals, for five minutes each morning. What feelings and sensations are easier for you to tolerate and which are more difficult? Stay as long as you can with the ones you want to get rid of.

2. Belly Breath. Notice when you hold your breath or are breathing very shallowly. As you notice this, stop. Begin to breathe deeply and regularly again. Breathe down into your belly so that your stomach and chest move. You may notice yourself not breathing 50 times a day. That's okay. In fact, it is great that you noticed. You are retraining your automatic responses.

3. Move Yourself. Physical activity such as walking, biking, and swimming are useful ways of getting to know your body and sensations more intimately. As you move, bring your attention to the sensations. How do your arms feel; your legs? How about inside your chest or stomach? Is it warm or hot or cool? Do you notice a twitch or that you are relaxed?

4. Bodywork. I encourage anyone healing from sexual abuse to engage in therapeutic bodywork. This is not massage; it's bodywork that opens the frozen or armored places in your body. Therapeutic bodywork attends to the emotions as well as the body, allowing you to come back into your body and live in it gladly. Various therapeutic bodywork styles include Lomi, Rosenwork, Peter Levine's work, or Haikomi.

5. Centering Practices. Martial art, yoga, dance or some forms of meditation all build a capacity to be embodied. Again, it is not about pushing yourself physically. It's about developing a place of centeredness and an awareness of your body. You want to retrain your nervous system to know that you can be embodied and safe simultaneously. Your body will learn that it can be relaxed and empowered at the same time.

—*S.H.*

Photo courtsey *Women En Large* www.candydarling.com/lte

Bugged

by Wickie Stamps

Illustration by Laurie Hicklin

bug: any insect or insectlike invertebrate

I guess I've always identified with things, like bugs, that showed up when not wanted. I mean, I showed up on this earth as a boy in a girl's body. Long and lanky, usually with twigs in my hair, or my nose in a book. I was misplaced. I bugged people, I who was too boyish, too smart, too grubby. The one who never was girl enough for anyone.

With my short hair and boyish ways, I bugged people, made them squirm, I a bug rather than an insect, misplaced; my looks and ways sneaking up on people. Scaring them. Scattering them.

Now I am sentenced to this beautiful ghetto called San Francisco with other bugs, as scary and grubby as me.

Bugged, as in annoyed, irritated

As I am writing this she is lying in my bed, resting. Something she needs to do a lot. As she is ill. Ill with a sickness I cannot stop, cannot control, do not understand. No one knows the cause—or the cure. Most don't even care, as it is women and the already wounded that are afflicted.

Her illness bugs me. Bothers me, creates waves around my affection for her. I stare at this beautiful woman, so much the boy—as she often corrects me when I call her a girl. I see the exhaustion creep over her, like a plague. Silent, relentless. Determined. And she with her wit and charm and endless affection for me is suddenly submerged in weariness.

I see her illness after I have fucked her hard, after she has broken out in a cold sweat and, with my cock still in her, she rests her damp forehead on my shoulder and I hold her and stroke her damp hair and run my warm hands down her cool back. As she rests, I notice her pallor and think of the cancer patients I've known, men and women whose internal lights grow dim, energy dissipating. Pale as a wax candle, deepening to gray. And as she lies on me, heavy now, a dead weight, I kiss the top of her head, smooth her boyish bangs, fight back my tears that she may, without my wish, despite my hopes. Fade. More. Completely.

I am bugged, no I am angered by her illness and by the strange bug that she has that takes her from me without warning. At it's own whim.

So when the fear becomes too great I fight with her. I accuse her of being selfish and self-centered. I lash out at her for her obsessive need to take care of herself. I lecture her and tell her that she is not the only one who exists between us, that she is not the one who has problems. I go on and on about my troubles and how lonely I feel and how I will not again nor ever be consumed by a woman. As I lecture and cry, I see her sit up from her sick bed, wrap a blanket around her thin shoulders, wearily put on her wire rimmed glasses as fragile as she...and she is back. Listening to me. Connecting. Mine.

bugger (bug' er) n. 1. as in sodomite

Lately, I find myself in clubs cruising young tranny boys, the ones who run in boy packs. In the bodies of women, they are pretty boys with slim hips. The ones who keep the exclusive company of other slim-hipped boys. More and more I watch them. Young. Faggish. Pretty. Often with lisps. At work where I am surrounded by images of macho fags, I find myself thinking about taking one of these young boys into the bathroom and fucking them in the ass. It eats at my mind, distracts me from my work. For a while I hung pictures of young Euro boys in front of my desk, confusing my gay boy coworkers, except for Wade who said, "Wickie, I know who you think those boys are. You think they are young boy dykes, don't you?"

He was right.

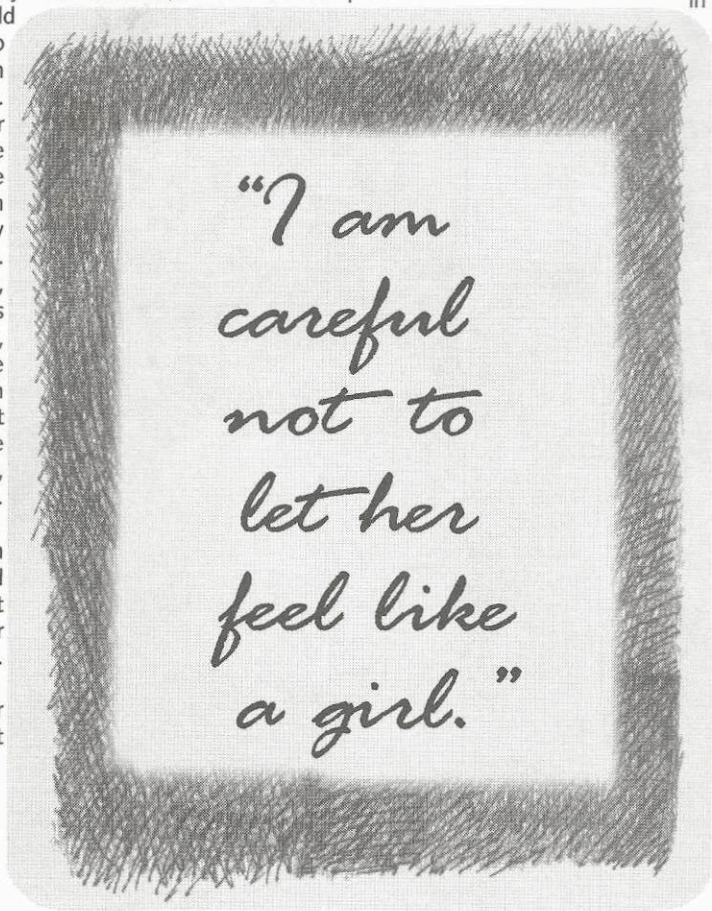
"Do you like getting fucked in the ass?" I say as we wander through the Castro. She doesn't miss a stride, but I catch her faggy, prissy smirk in the reflection of the glass where the movie *Female Perversions* is being advertised. She is slim-hipped with a boyish cut, cruised by the chicken hawks who pass us by. Walking a few strides before me, I study her ass, imagining myself sliding my hand up her ass, fucking her thin body, forcing her to come.

"Sure," she says easily without missing a stride. I reach out and run my hand over her short cropped hair. "It's been a while," she adds as we head down to the bookstore.

During sex she asks me not to fuck her on her back, for she doesn't like feeling like a girl. So I turn her over, pull her up on her knees and fuck her from behind. As she rides my cock, face down on the sheets, ass up, I slide my fingers, first one then two, into her ass. She hisses that she hates me. With my cock deep in her cunt she shoves her ass back onto my fingers and comes. Whimpering softly, hair damp, eyes closed.

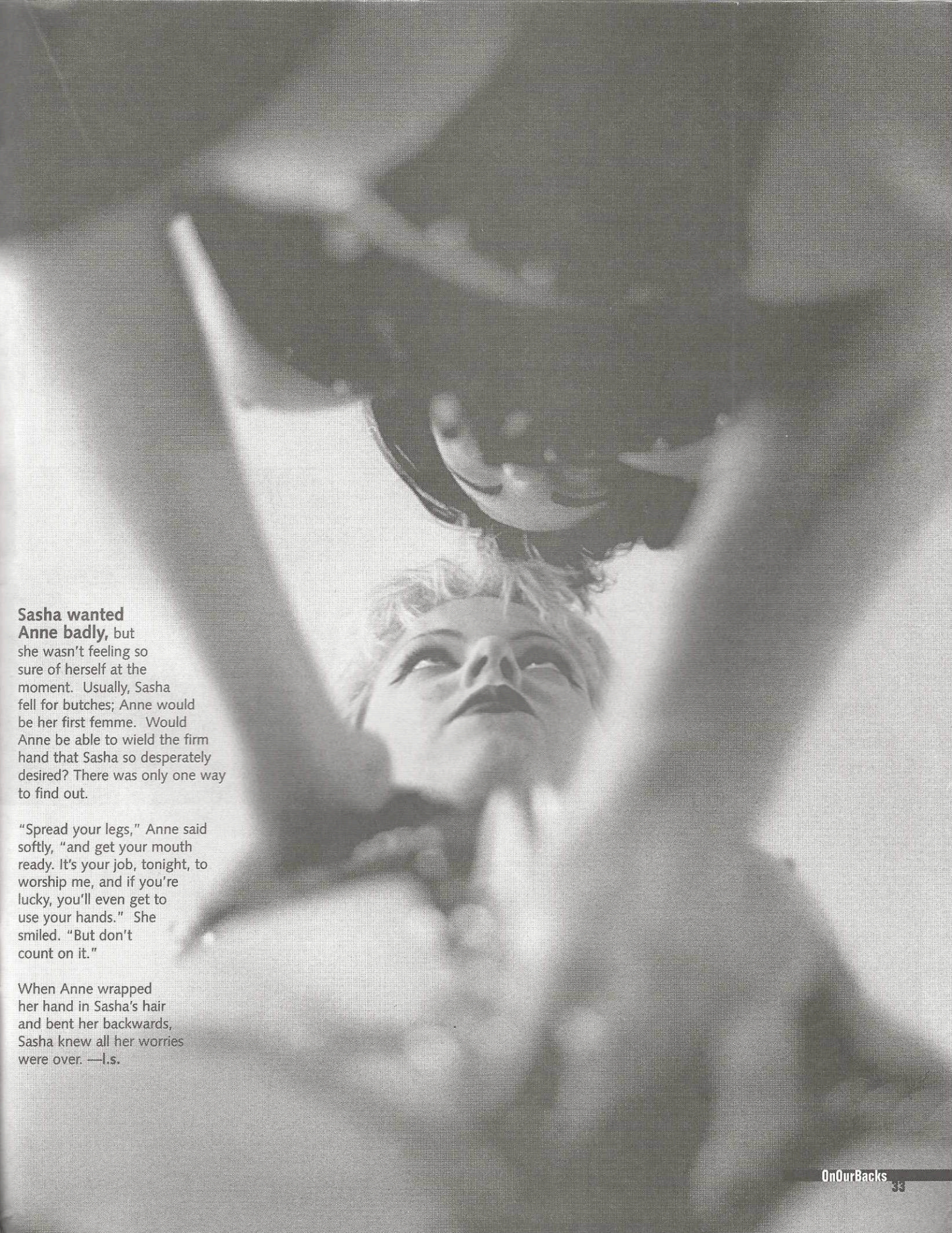
I am careful not to let her feel like a girl. I am the older boy, understanding the need of this boy like me.

But still, we fight. She constantly and consistently bugging me as I do her. I am too self absorbed. She talks too much—and forgets about me. I demanding. She exhausted. Me trying to find a way out of being with my mirror image. A boy. But younger. The spitting image of me.



SASHA & ANNE
ADDICTED TO MUFF

Photography by Trevor Baker



Sasha wanted Anne badly, but she wasn't feeling so sure of herself at the moment. Usually, Sasha fell for butches; Anne would be her first femme. Would Anne be able to wield the firm hand that Sasha so desperately desired? There was only one way to find out.

"Spread your legs," Anne said softly, "and get your mouth ready. It's your job, tonight, to worship me, and if you're lucky, you'll even get to use your hands." She smiled. "But don't count on it."

When Anne wrapped her hand in Sasha's hair and bent her backwards, Sasha knew all her worries were over. —l.s.

Clothing courtesy of Panda Bear,
415 Burbon Street, New Orleans, LA 70130.

Shopping for Something of Quality

By Kerrie O'Keefe

he first slap was bad enough, when I didn't hear from Bobby until a week after I told him I was pregnant, and then only a postcard from Mexico City. "Nice try," he scrawled, "but you're not trapping this boy!" The son of a bitch. I can't believe I loved him, can't believe I didn't see it coming. Bobby's sperm certainly didn't have any trouble making a commitment. But no, it was the second slap that sent me reeling. My parents, influenced no doubt by their new fire-and-brimstone preacher, cut me loose. "You're on your own," they said coldly, "you and your little bastard." I didn't know anyone even used the word in that way anymore, but they sure did, and to prove how much they meant it, they moved my things out to the curb. That was several months ago, right after I started to show. I stayed with a friend until I found an apartment, then settled in to start a new life without a lover and without parents.

I set some money aside each week for baby things, and by the time I was eight months along, I had finally saved up enough to buy a crib, dresser, and changing table. One cold winter Saturday when I got off work at noon, I spent the rest of the day shopping for furniture, without much luck. Everything was too expensive or just the opposite. I wasn't about to buy cheap junk for my baby. At ten after five snow was falling all over the city in big fluffy flakes. The sky was dark and cold, and it would have been easy to just go home and plop down in my nice warm bed. But there was only one place I hadn't tried yet, and I figured one more stop wouldn't hurt. I drove to Paulander's, on the downtown square, and hauled my big tummy inside. The store was beautifully arranged with bedroom suites and dining room outfits, the whole works. Spanish guitar music played lightly on the speakers, and instantly I felt warm and drowsy, as if I could sink into a big recliner and sleep. There were no other customers, and I didn't see any help until a woman appeared at the railing of the second floor. "Be right down!" she said cheerily. Then, noticing my tummy, she added, "You'd better have a seat there, honey. I won't be a second." I sat on a divan ($100 off) and waited. She came downstairs shortly and approached me like we were old friends. She was in her early 30s, I guessed, with dark-red shoulder-length hair, glasses, and a genuine smile. "When are you due, honey?" she asked as we shook hands. "January 10."

"Big white panties," I murmured. "Sexy, huh?" "Beautiful," she said.

"Oh, that's wonderful. And you're looking for a layette?" "The whole works," I said. "It has to be reasonable, but good quality and very safe." "I've got it. Second floor, and we'll even take the elevator." She put her hand on my shoulder, though, to keep me from getting up. "I'm going to lock up first, honey. Technically, I'm closed for the day." "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't—"

But she wouldn't hear a protest, and insisted she was glad she hadn't had time to lock up earlier. She let me take her arm as we walked to the elevator—I was more tired than I thought—and we introduced ourselves. Her name was Rusty Paulander, she said, and she had inherited the store from her parents. "I'm Abby McNeil," I replied, "and my parents kicked me out of the house because of my lax morals." "Fuck them," she said, then put her hand to her lips. "Oh, I'm sorry. I don't know you well enough to say that." "You can say it," I laughed.

"Good. Fuck them." The elevator door closed behind us. "I don't believe in that high-and-mighty, holier-than-thou shit," she said, then glanced down at my hand. "I don't see a ring, sweetie. Is Daddy—?" "Skipped out. Went to Mexico. That's how desperate he was to get the hell away from me." Rusty picked up my hand and patted it. "Poor girl," she tsked. A strange sensation passed through me, like I could tell this woman anything at all. "It's up to you, then, to give this baby all the love it needs. Second floor, here we go."

We walked down a long aisle to a section of cribs and dressers in all sorts of designs, made of all sorts of wood. Rusty pointed out all the features and told me which brands she trusted most, and her voice, combined with the beautiful music and warm lighting and falling snow visible through the window, began to lull me to sleep. I could barely keep my eyes open. She noticed, and her laugh was mesmerizing, like a siren's song. "I'm rattling on," she said. "Would you like to lie down and rest?"

"Oh," I yawned, "no, I shouldn't—"

"I'll be here doing the books for a while, and there's a queen-size across the aisle that'll make you think you're sleeping on a cloud."

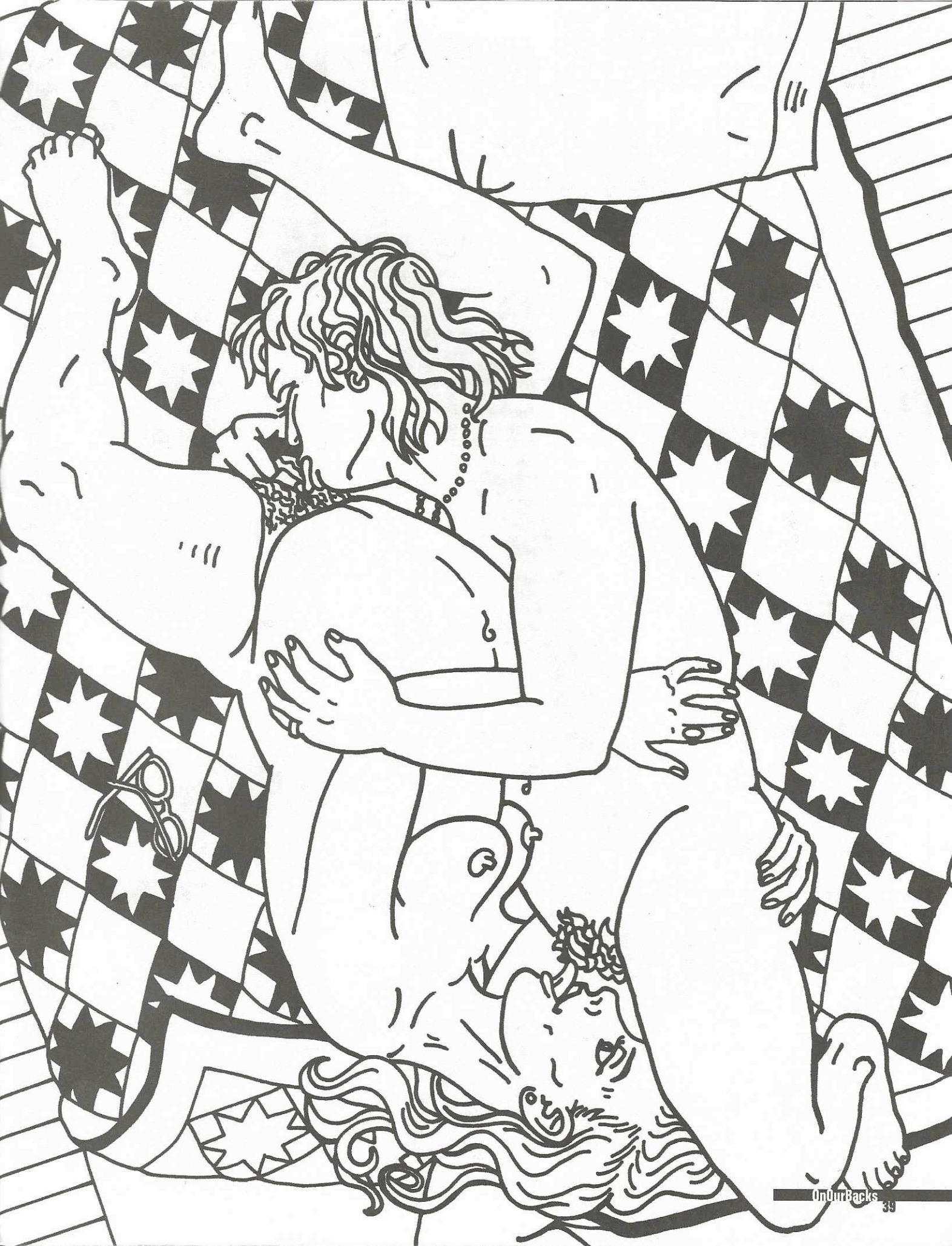
"Rusty, that's very sweet—"

She put her arm around me and helped me over to a beautiful bedroom display, complete with a soft country quilt. She took my coat and laid it aside, then turned down the covers, fixing her gentle smile on me the whole time. I kicked my shoes off, and though I don't know why, I looked up at her and kissed her, just out of the blue. It seemed perfectly natural, the kiss you'd give someone for taking good care of you, and yet I knew there was something more behind it. I was simply responding to Rusty's charisma, her charm, her magnetic touch, her pretty face. But because the kiss surprised both of us, I apologized immediately. "Don't be sorry," she whispered, stroking my dark-brown hair, letting it fall back and brush against my face. "How old are you, Baby?" "Twenty," I said, closing my eyes and luxuriating in the strange new sensation. She stood directly in front of me and began unbuttoning the buttons of my maternity dress. "Got a good job?" I nodded. Two buttons down. "First National," I said, dreamy. "Got friends who can help you with the baby?" "Some," I said, my voice almost gone.

"Good, child. You're going to need them." She had me unbuttoned down to the navel. She slipped the dress off my shoulders so that I was sitting on the bed in just a bra, with my huge taut tummy out in the open. I stood to let the dress fall to the floor, then opened my eyes to see her gazing at my body with tender admiration. "Big white panties," I murmured. "Sexy, huh?" "Beautiful," she nodded, and lifted my chin. I opened my mouth to meet hers and reveled in the feel of her hot tongue plunging slowly and steadily between my lips. I clasped my hands behind her neck to hold her there, to keep my new friend touching me forever. She responded by removing my bra and running the backs of her fingers lightly over my swollen breasts, rubbing my nipples in circles, sending waves of electricity through my body like a wake-up call. Oh God, I could just hear my parents going off on my lax morals now—getting naked with a woman in a furniture store! But I put them back under a rock in my mind and started concentrating on Rusty. She wanted me, and that was good enough for me. I pulled her close and began Frenching her vigorously, and she responded by holding me tight and slipping her hand into the back of my panties. "Let me do the work," she whispered with a smile, slowly sliding the panties off my hips. She leaned over and sucked my swollen right nipple into her mouth, sucking hard, just like a baby—except that unlike a baby she flicked her

continued on page 42

Illustration by Zanne Prodhomme



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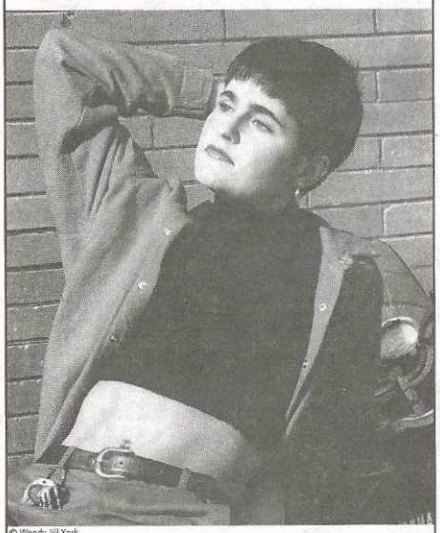

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"My main objection to labels is a practical one: most of them have too many syllables. I'm still fond of the word 'dyke,' the Swiss Army knife of identity labels: a sharp, pocket-sized, efficient term that tells me everything I need to know." *author Gerry Gomez Pearlberg*

"The opportunity to be threatened, humiliated, and to live in fear of being beaten to death is the only 'special right' our culture bestows on homosexuals." *Diane Carman in the* Denver Post

"Teenage girls are typically portrayed in movies as victims. I've met plenty of girls in my life who no one fucks with. I would rather portray that kind of girl. We have enough victims." *Christina Ricci in* Details

"Drag queens? That's so over now. What's interesting now is drag kings, but it will take a while for them to figure that one out." *John Waters in* The Detroit Free Press

"Some of us are still living with a dream and hope of sexual liberation. Not all of us wish to become an 'insider' if the inside is the same repressive, sex-negative culture we grew up with and have attempted to change with our lives and politics." *Keith Griffith, founder and owner of www.cruisingforsex.com*

"For me it's a matter of human rights and a deeply theological issue. I believe [gays and lesbians] are as much God's children as anyone. I can't be part of a scheme for clobbering them." *Archbishop and Nobel Laureate Desmond Tutu*

"Lust can be a sacrament that washes us clean of envy, pride, and anomie, and returns us to daily life with a satisfied heart, renewed hope, and greater compassion.

The mouth is not the only orifice that generates poetry; we must learn to listen to the hymns of our other openings, other lips." *Pat Califia in* POZ

"It is my considered opinion that the so-called gay rights can never qualify as human rights. They are wrongly claimed because it is against true Namibian culture, African culture, and religion." *Namibian Home Affairs Minister Jerry Ekandjo*

"You are a great statesman. Your confrontations will be missed. Your resignation saddens me. When you want to run for president, I will be there. You have done so much more than anyone in a long time for our country. Make some money, have a life, come back, kick ass." *actor Dennis Hopper in a personal note to Newt Gingrich*

"In the same way there are fashion victims in terms of clothing, there are fashion victims in terms of ideas, and there are still victims of feminism." *author Michael Crichton in* **Playboy**

"I absolutely believe in assimilation." *Chastity Bono*

"After a decade of independence from radical political analysis, sado-masochism's 'cutting (so to speak) edge' has been dulled and its lesbian currency has been spent...Do I want ex-SM bullies to eat it? You bet I do!" *Alix Dobkin in* **Outlines**

"If women's physical needs get fulfilled through lesbian acts, the institution of marriage will collapse, reproduction of human beings will cease." *Maharashtra State Culture Minister Pramod Navalkar of India*

"He's really very sweet." *Claudia Schiffer on Mike Tyson*

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CANDIDA ROYALLE
continued from page 21

just a very beautiful movie to look at. But the thing is, it's really hard to say because I wasn't well-directed. Most of the directors I worked for really had no right to call themselves directors. They didn't really work with people the way I work with people.

ON OUR BACKS: Is there any fantasy that you would like to see more of onscreen, that you haven't seen enough of? Or have you put it all on tape?

ROYALLE: I don't know that I've put everything on tape. Because it's a very touchy issue. And so much of it is considered politically incorrect. How do you handle the fact that some women have fantasies about being taken and dominated? People are so afraid that men will automatically think that's how women really want to be treated. If I have a fantasy that I walk into a room and these men just take me by force, does that mean I really want to be taken in some dark alley? No, of course not, because in my fantasy, that means I'm being pleasured, they do wonderful things to me. People are so afraid that we have this really elementary way of thinking—monkey see, monkey do. So I'm very careful to show that things are very consensual, without watering it down too much.

To me, surrendering is one of the sexiest elements in sex. It's about giving up control, letting yourself be open to anything that happens. It's a tough one for me personally. Its a tough one for women in general, because we're brought up with all these terrible messages about shame and being protective of yourself and not giving in to nasty sex and bad things. And that's the reason for rape and domination fantasies, because it frees you of the responsibility.

There's a lot more that could be put onscreen, but it's dangerous. I loved *Autobiography of a Flea*, [the scene] with the priest. Growing up Catholic, that really was one of my running theme fantasies, having this priest seduce me in the back room. And I would love to put that on screen, but I don't think you could do that now.

To me, the thing that makes a nasty, forceful fantasy okay is when there's pleasure. It's not to say that I want to see someone being taken by force and then enjoying it, but it's more like, when I imagine an anal sex fantasy [for example] it's like, you're consenting to it, but you're scared that it's going to hurt because you've never done it before. But the person doing it to you is very instructive. They're dominating you but they're instructive. I want to make it look like she's surrendering to this thing that might look a little scary but, oh my God, there's pleasure in this. I don't like it when the woman really looks like she's uncomfortable. To me, there's got to be consent and pleasure involved. And then I'll accept anything. But if there's not obvious consent and pleasure, that's where I draw the line.

SEX FOR SURVIVORS
continued from page 29

you out? Begin to track your own route of dissociating.

Here are some examples:

"My thinking gets really fast. It is like I start to run around inside looking for a safe place to be. The world outside of me disappears and I get very internal." *Robin*

"I get angry and annoyed at everything. I just want to push things, and people away. I want it all to get away from me. It is like I want to get rid of all internal and external stimulation...have everything stop." *Melissa*

Knowing your own dissociative state lets you recognize where you are.

From there you can learn to come back. A wonderful friend of mine once said,

"To heal, you first have to become intimate with what is." Knowing what you are thinking when you check out is doing just this.

The Road Back to Yourself

While dissociation helps you survive sexual abuse, what does coming back into yourself, thawing back into your body, give you? Why would you want to come back into your body anyway?

Returning to your body lets you be there for sex. If you are not present how can you feel pleasure, or know where your boundaries are? If you are not present and feeling yourself, it isn't possible to connect with your sexual partner. Being in your body lets you find out what your likes, dislikes, and desires are. It lets you feel the full spectrum of being alive.

As you clue in that you are checked out, start breathing again. Drop your breath low in your body, down into your belly. Reassure yourself. Tell yourself everything is going to be all right. Invite yourself back.

Get up and move your body. Increase your blood flow and heart rate by moving around, swinging your arms or shaking your legs. Bring your focus back into your body. If you can't feel yourself, rub different parts of your body. Bring the feeling back into you.

Then bring your focus back to your emotions. What are you feeling? Can you hang with what you are feeling? Do you need to tell someone or get support? You will survive feeling your emotions, whether it is fear, anger, pleasure, or grief.

Lastly, watch what you are thinking and telling yourself. Is it soothing or empowering, or is it self-denigrating? Often we harsh on ourselves internally as a way to stay away from emotions we are afraid to feel about other people. This internal cruelty helps to keep you dissociated. If you find you are thinking and speaking harshly to yourself, try to think about something neutral or positive if you can.

Returning to yourself or re-associating will get easier with practice. Like learning a sport or an instrument, with practice it becomes second nature.

"This might sound strange, but I've been learning that if I stick around to feel both my body and my heart, I'm not going to die. I thought that I would." *Roslyn*

SHOPPING...
continued from page 39

tongue over the sensitive tip. "Too bad you're not producing," she said, and the idea of it made me weak in the knees. Rusty gently lay me down on the bed, then slowly, tantalizingly, removed her blouse and peasant skirt. She undid her lacy white bra and cupped her hands over her round, slightly heavy breasts, pulling at her wide nipples as she grinned at my unabashed staring. Rusty knelt on the bed next to my head and guided her rubbery nipple into my mouth, then leaned down and resumed sucking mine as well. I'd always enjoyed those mini 69s (though of course Bobby never saw the point in them). The more she sucked, the bolder I felt, and before I knew it my legs were thrown wide apart and there was undoubtedly a stain on the quilt. Rusty caressed my taut tummy and tickled what was left of my belly button before sliding her hand down the hill into my close-cropped bush. Finding my clit with her thumb, she began a steady rhythmic stroking that caused me to fill the second floor with lusty moans—and when she slid two fingers past my slippery lips, I arched my back and begged her to go down on me. Rusty gave me a wink before heading south. Maintaining a steady rhythm with her fingers, she teased me with little kisses all around my curly triangle. I lolled my head to the left and saw I was within kissing distance of another pussy for the first time in my life, so with Rusty's lust as my courage, I reached over, slid her silky red panties aside, and speared her sex with my tongue. She opened her legs and let me rest my head on her thigh, and with eyes wide open I dove in and slurped like a pro, covering my face in pussy cream and reveling in Rusty's appreciative moans. She put her hand on my hip and rolled me onto my side so we could go at it tongues and tails in the wettest (and most mutually satisfying!) 69 of my life. We buried our noses deep inside each other and matched each other move for move, every kiss, every lick, every flick of the tongue until we clutched each other and came at the same time. Rusty repositioned herself beside me and kissed me tenderly, then let me lick at her cunt-creamed face like a kitten. "You deserve all that and more," she whispered, wrapping her arms around me. Rusty and I connected that night, with each other, and the snow, and the music, and the warm streetlight, and the soft bed. As horny as she made me feel, I knew there was something deeper there too, some sense that we could be good and right for each other. I felt myself dozing, then heard Rusty whispering in my ear. "Sleep here," she said. "I won't leave you." I nodded and kissed her, and as we embraced I felt a great commotion in my tummy. Rusty felt it, too. "Does this mean your baby likes me?" I nodded. "We both do."

Angela Marie McNeil was born a month later with a full head of surprising red hair.

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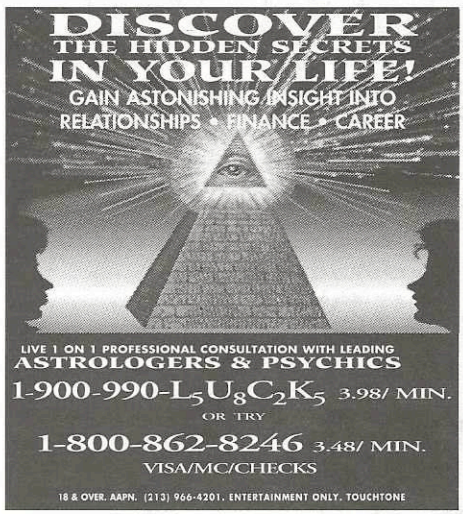

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LIST YOUR EVENT HERE! Use the classified form on the following page and fax your listing to OOB Classified/Events Listings, 415-648-4705. For more information phone 415-648-9464.

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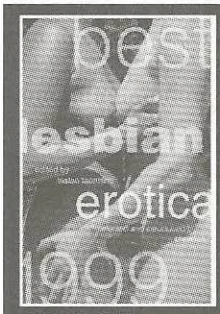

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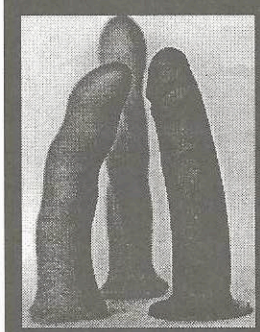

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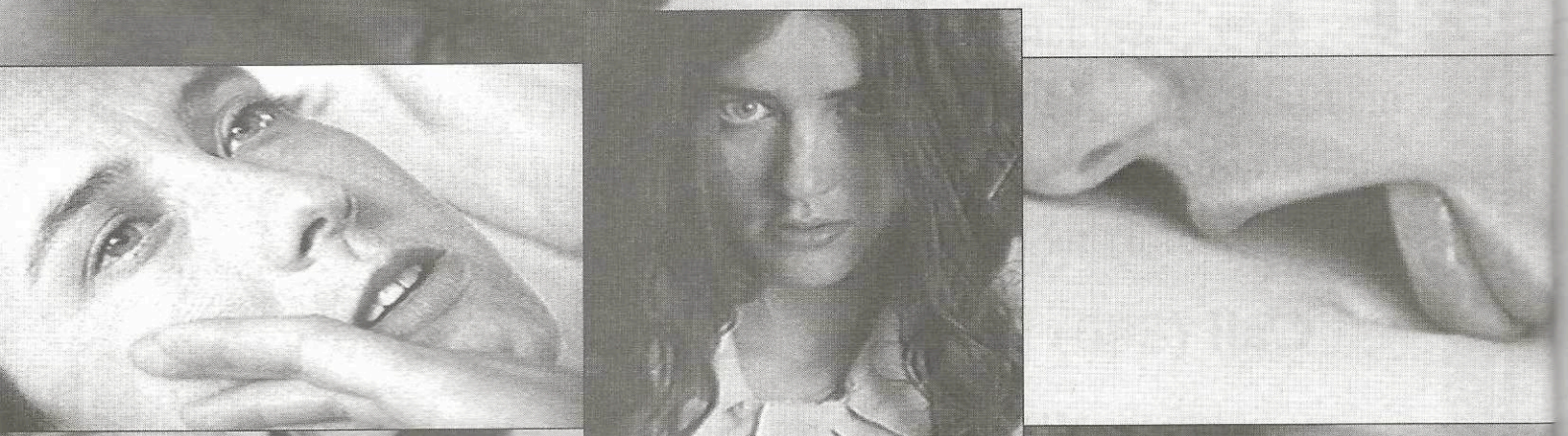

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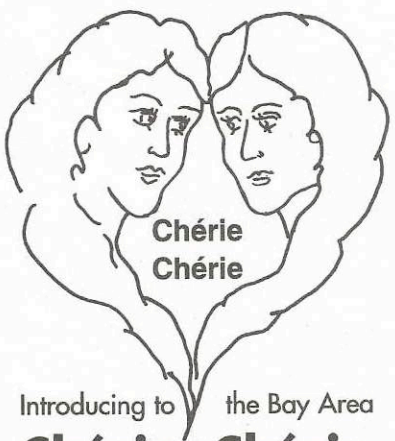

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back talk

What Sexual Trick Drives You Crazy With Lust?

Compiled by Yetta Howard

I insert both of my thumbs while I'm performing oral sex and move them in different directions so one focuses on the urethral sponge and one on the bottom area. It makes women go wild. *Tasha*

When a chick has long, sharp nails and rakes them against my back. Especially if it leaves a mark. *Salua*

An ex-lover used to fuck me with whatever was around—candles, shampoo bottles, cigar cases (this was before Clinton, okay?), anything that was long and stiff enough. Sure, they didn't work as well as dildos, but the turn-on of her grabbing whatever was on hand and doing me right then—it was really kinky. *Lily*

Pulling my hair, right at the nape of my neck, really gets me going. I especially like it when my girlfriend wraps my hair around her fist and uses that to direct me to where she wants me to be. It seems so clichéd, but it gets me wet like nothing else. *Anne*

When a girl starts to lick my toes and feet, then works her way to my asshole, and sticks her tongue and fingers deep in my ass. Eventually, if she licks my armpit, too, it really makes me hot! *Pamela*

The way my girlfriend sucks on my ear. She has this small crevice in the tip of her tongue and when she runs that over my lobe—and other essential areas—I go insane. *Paula*

I love it when a woman is going down on me and instead of diving right in, she teases me. By being fingered lightly at first, I can't help but get all worked up. If she stops, then starts back up, it's even better. The longer I am made to wait, the better. I would call this a trick because most women forget about foreplay. *Dru*

When I put my tongue inside her and rub her clit with my nose until I can feel her entire cunt quiver and come against my face, I just melt. *Courtney*

When she's fucking me with her tongue and her tongue ring keeps hitting my clit. Talk about an orgasm! *Aretha*

The first time she used a vibrating massager on my clit while having her on top of me. Ever since then, I have been able to have multiple orgasms and the vibrator has become an active toy in our sex lives, even after five years of being together. *Annastesia*

One of my lovers used to tease me about "the spot" just behind my ears. If she stroked it just right, she could have me gasping within minutes. (She liked to do this in public.) If she licks or bites, it works even better. *Julia*

My favorite trick is called "playing the harp." She sits on the side of the bed with her knees apart. I stand sideways between her knees with my legs spread. Her right hand slips between my buttocks onto my pussy while her left hand comes around the front to play with my clit. I end up with ten fingers playing with me! *Doreen*

When my girlfriend lays me down on my belly and very softly runs her fingers down my ass, tracing the outline of my pussy lips with her fingertips. When I can't stand it anymore, she rolls me over, kneels between my thighs, and teases my clit with her hard nipple, pressing her breast against my pussy like she's trying to fuck me with it. Then she crawls up my body and lets me lick my juices off her breasts. That actually drives her crazy, too! *Eilis*

TELL US! **Why do you like casual sex?**
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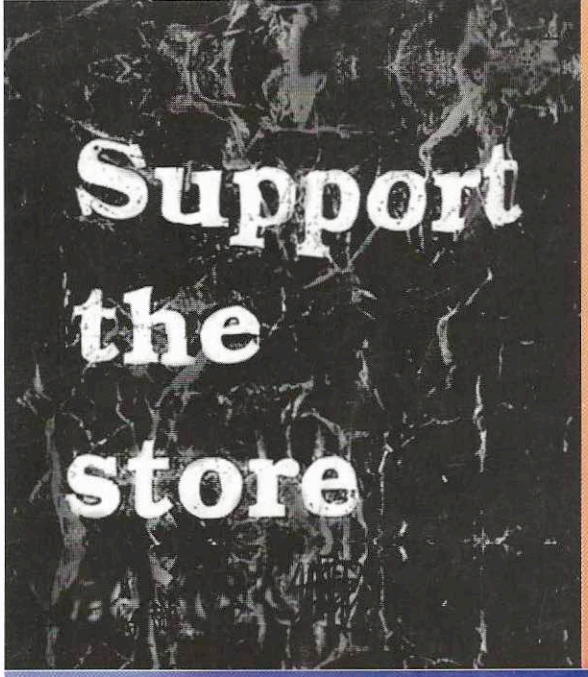

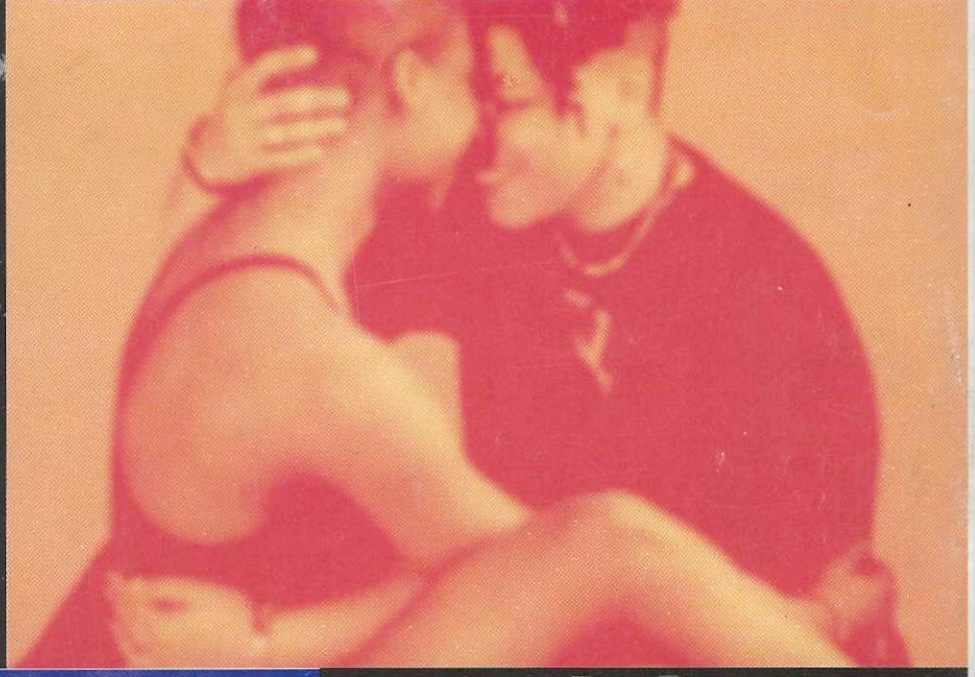

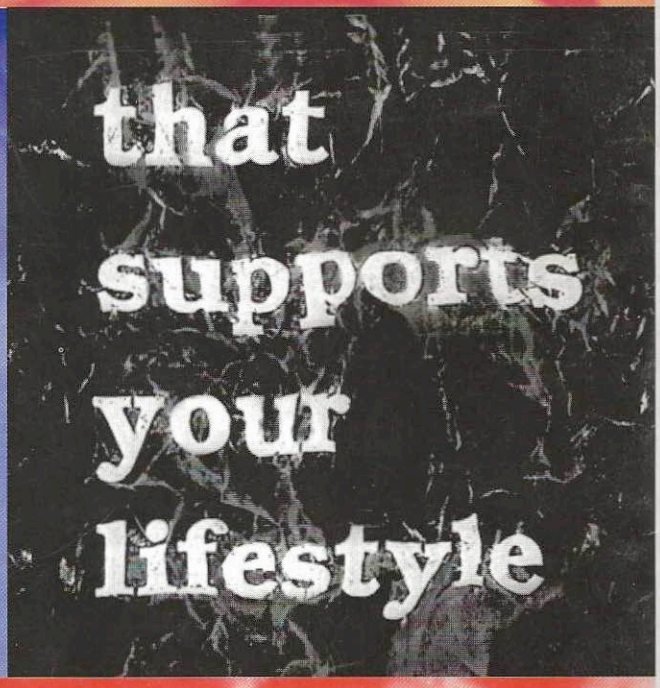
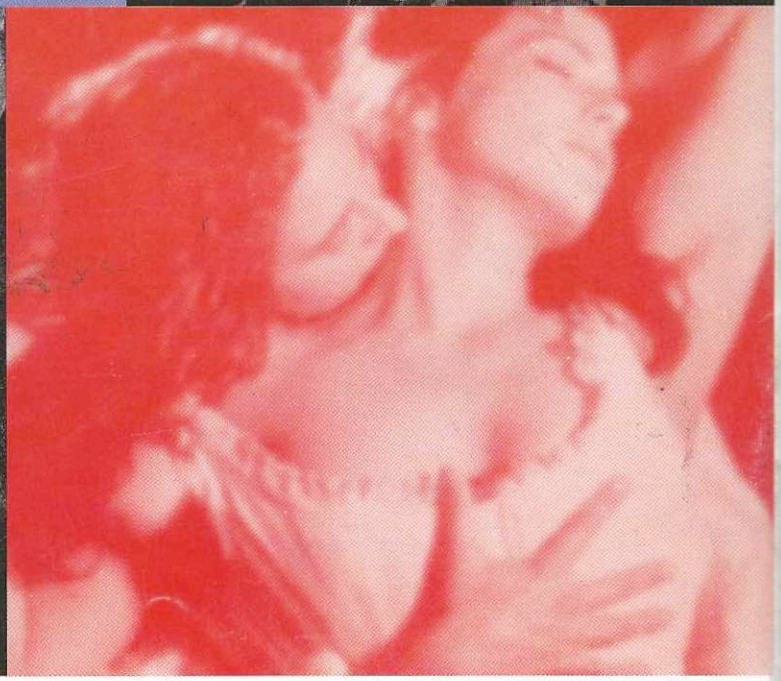
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